

# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

VOL. XXXIII, No. 4

JULY-AUGUST, 1932

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON

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# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

*An Illustrated Bi-Monthly Magazine*

Published by THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY  
OF WASHINGTON,

AFFILIATED WITH THE  
ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY PRESS, Inc.

VOLUME XXXIII

JULY-AUGUST, 1932

NUMBER 4

ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY PRESS, INC.

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All correspondence should be addressed and remittances made to ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Also manuscripts, photographs, material for notes and news, books for review, and exchanges, should be sent to this address.

Advertisements should be sent to the Advertising Manager, Art and Archaeology, The Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized September 7, 1918.

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FOUND  
THE DIONYSIAC MYSTERIES.

THE EMPRESS LIVIA AS A PRIESTESS OF THE DIONYSIAC MYSTERIES. FOUND  
THE HERCULANEUM GATE OF POMPEII.



PROFILES OF THE RIGHT AND LEFT SIDES OF THE HEAD OF THE STATUE OF THE  
BY PROFESSOR MAURI IN HIS FURTHER EXCAVATION OF THE VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES NEAR THE HERCULANEUM GATE OF POMPEII.

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# ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

*The Arts Throughout the Ages*

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VOLUME XXXIII

JULY-AUGUST, 1932

NUMBER 4

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## THE STATUE OF LIVIA FROM THE VILLA OF THE MYSTERIES

By AMEDEO MAIURI

*Translated from the Italian by Arthur Stanley Riggs*

*The article which follows is an authoritative and poetic statement from the pen of the Superintendent of Antiquities in Campania. In addition to his field duties in excavating, Professor Maiuri is also Director of the Excavations in Pompeii and Herculaneum and head of the vast Naples Museum. No other building thus far uncovered in either city has caused so much discussion and interest as the magnificent Villa of the Mysteries in the recently excavated section of Pompeii; and no other archaeologist is so well fitted, by both training and temperament, to deal with it or any of its treasures as the scholar under whose keen direction the work was done.*

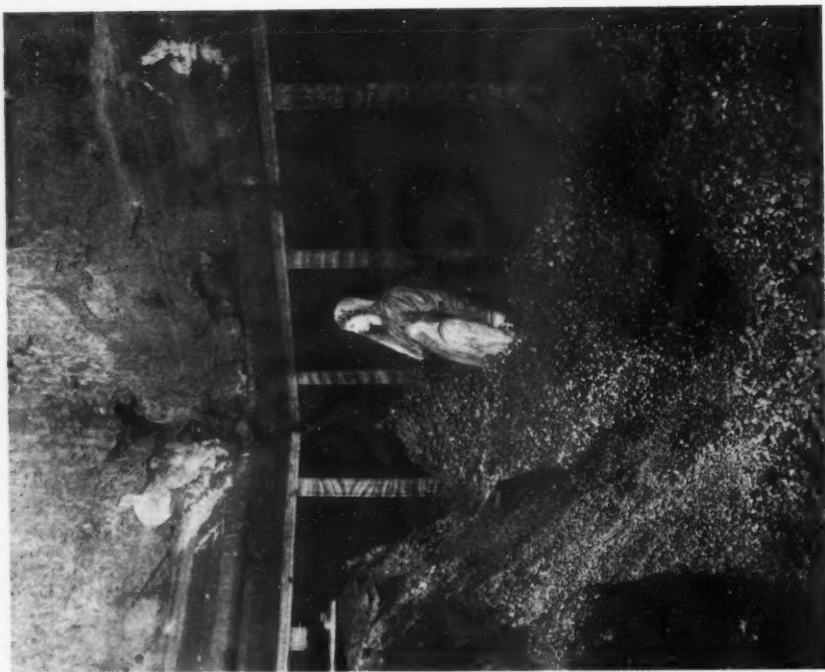
IN the few years since the discovery in February of 1925 of the bronze ephebus in the House of Publius Cornelius Tagetus, Pompeii has continued to give us, together with the discovery of always more interesting houses and private edifices in the region of the Street of Abundance, a series of works of art of no common value. We have four silvered bronze statuettes, grotesque figures of the Alexandrine type, used as bearers of *lances* (plates) upon the convivial table; a superb cup of repoussé silver with a representation of a struggle between Tritons and sea monsters; an archaistic statue of Apollo with still lively traces of polychromy; two beds with medallions in bronze deco-

rated with busts of Silenus and of *amorini* (cupids); and finally, a beautiful statue of Livia from the edifice which in recent years has had the greatest renown in the world of scholarship and culture. This Villa of the Mysteries stands outside the circuit of the city walls, about 400 metres from the Herculaneum Gate.

As already noted, the excavation of a part of this suburban Villa, executed in 1909-1910, brought to light our most remarkable documentation of painting and of ancient religion: a great hall frescoed with scenes of the initiation ceremonies of the Dionysiac Mysteries. The rest of the Villa remained unexplored. The necessity of preserving in-



BEFORE THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS IN 79 A. D., THE STATUE HAD BEEN PLACED TEMPORARILY IN THIS CORNER. A CARELESS WORKMAN LEFT HIS AMPHORA AT HER FEET—TO BE FOUND AFTER ALMOST NINETEEN CENTURIES HAD PASSED SILENTLY BY.



AS THE STATUE APPEARED DURING EXCAVATION, WITH THE VOLCANIC LAPILLI FALLING AWAY ON ALL SIDES FROM THE UNHARMED MARBLE.

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## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

tact the precious frescoes of the great hall, and of knowing and studying as a whole the vast complex of a seignorial villa at the gates of Pompeii, moved me to hold back further excavation and the complete discovery of the edifice. At last, in two years of intense hard work—1929-1930—this was completely accomplished. And there at last, fully exposed to our gaze, appeared the most grandiose, complex and richest construction of the suburban villa type the soil of Pompeii has thus far yielded. It is superior in vastness, in its rich decorations and in its architectonic interest to even the Villa of Diomedes, hitherto regarded as the typical example of the pseudo-urban Pompeiian mansion. But this is not the place to anticipate the results of this excavation, which will be adequately published next year\* by the State Poligrafico. It is enough to hint that from the complete and accurate study of this Villa will emerge three facts of great importance: the origin of the patrician residence at Pompeii; the transformation of the seignorial residence into a rustic villa for farm management; and finally, a more rational and logical interpretation of the character of the Dionysiac frescoes.

But what was the rank and who were the proprietors of this singular edifice which has called, and still calls, the attention of the whole world to the essential and fascinating problem of the ancient religion of the Mysteries? Is not the mystery of the human personality in this religio-mystic ambient quite as grave and provocative as that of the paintings themselves? In this respect the publication will give not only a plausible explanation but a precise and certain identification hitherto impossible. The seignorial quarter of the Villa was uninhabited at the moment of the catastrophe. But the rustic section was—that part where the farm-manager dwelt.

\*Professor Maiuri wrote this article almost a year ago.

But a singular and unexpected fact came to light in February of 1930, while the excavation of the eastern wing of the peristyle was going on. When at last in the uncovering of the principal entrance into the habitation it seemed as though no further discovery could be expected, behold suddenly flowering through the shroud of lapilli, the top of a statue's head!

Moments of great discoveries are the most dramatic, most intensely-lived moments in an excavator's life. Necessarily, the public cannot participate in them, and accordingly to the excavator alone is reserved this emotion and, perhaps, the greatest reward of his faith, his intuition and his zeal. Sometimes he is cheered by an instinctive presentiment—generally unrealized—when hope has begun to fade. But every story of discovery has its proper ambient, more or less adapted to sustain such an emotion. Pompeii, through the circumstances of its burial, could provide the most profound and uncancellable of such emotions. A sculpture in bronze or marble here does not lie prone on the earth, as is always the case in excavations of the great Greek and Roman metropoli, among the unrecognizable ruins of crumbled edifices impossible, even by the most patient labor, to bring back to life again. On the contrary, such a figure as this rises from the ashes intact, as by a natural and simple reawakening. The clean volcanic deposit slips and slides away on all sides under the silent toil of the basket-bearers, and first the face, then the body, emerges from its ashen casing, to glow with the warm patina of bronze or the immaculate white of marble.

This was the way the statue in the Villa of the Mysteries came to light. First of all out of the pall of grey ashes came the gem-like face of the lady, still fresh with color—hair and brows yellow, eyes with painted black irises, lips with a touch of carmine at the angles. It was clear that she was not a little astonished at the world she was coming

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



THE EMPRESS LIVIA IN THE COSTUME AND POSE OF A  
DIONYSIAC PRIESTESS.

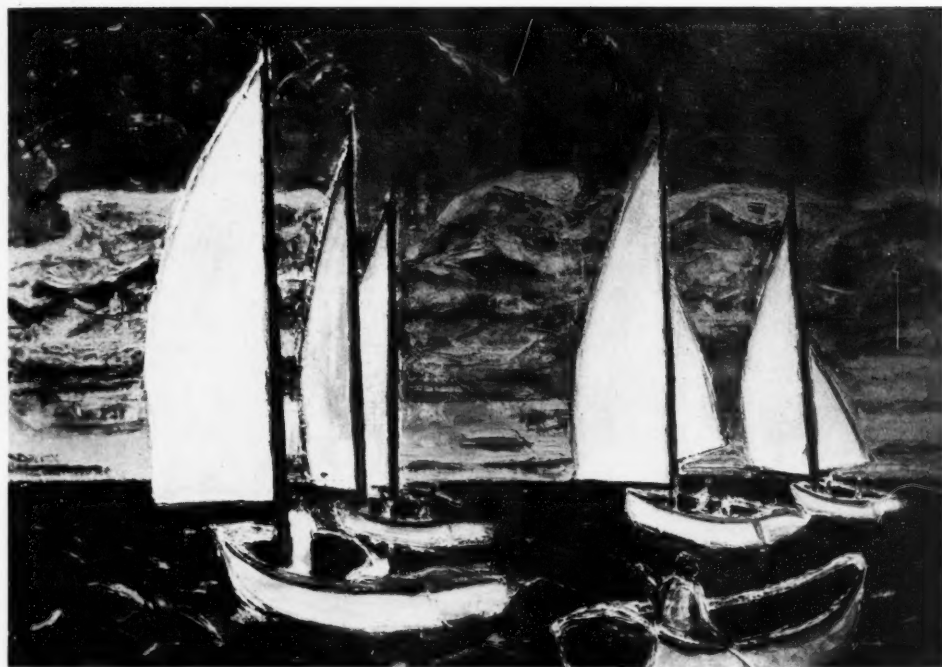
into again, with its peristyle painted in squares of red bordered by a yellow frieze, and the lovely colonnade through which filtered a weak but spring-like sun. Then as suddenly she resumed her austere and tranquil pose of an august, disguised priestess,

or so it seemed. She had been brought to this angle only a few days before the catastrophe, and left leaning against the wall for greater security. A careless workman left close beside her a rough amphora. All this was merely in anticipation that the masons would soon have finished plastering the room in which the effigy would be more appropriately placed. The sudden black storm, the terror, the swift accompanying death were all totally unexpected; and the carved marble lady—humankind no longer dolorous—rose in her place of temporary deposit, still tranquilly awaiting proper placement. Time has but slightly discolored the polychromy of the marble. Wise lady indeed, in growing old thus to resign herself to use a thinner, duller makeup!

What lady was it whom this statue seemed so unexpectedly to reanimate in this Villa of Mysteries? It was not difficult to recognize from her diadem, from her sumptuous, purple-bordered robes, that here we had no simple woman out of the municipal life of Pompeii, but a personage of the Imperial House. The lines of the profile, the characteristic somatics of the face, left no doubts. Clearly the statue was that of the First Imperial Lady of Rome—of Livia, consort of Augustus.

Quite evidently the statue was sculptured in two parts, head and body having been worked up separately and joined in a manner not altogether organic. The face, finely modeled in the finest of marble, has the youthful freshness and vivacity of a light polychromy. The body of the figure is severely draped, the geometrical rigidity of its lines and the strong taper of the lower part, making it seem to have been executed after a scheme deliberately archaistic. It is Livia in costume and the hieratic pose of a priestess, well adapted to the august lady, and suggesting the symbolic figures of the different Pietàs and Chastity. Moreover, it is

(Concluded on Page 222)



BOATS, BY HEINRICH PFEIFFER.

## THE CONTEMPORARY SHOW IN BOSTON

By V. HAUGHTON E. SANGUINETTI

*The following estimate and review of the exhibit which has just closed in the Renaissance Court of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, was written by one of the exhibiting painters and represents the views of the New England Society of Contemporary Art, Inc., of which the author is a member. ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, while adhering to conservatism in matters relative to art, is glad to emphasize the liberal spirit of the Boston Museum in accepting an exhibition of so modernistic a character. Lack of space forbids the presentation of all but a very few of the pictures shown. The New England Society of Contemporary Art was formed by a group of "liberals" among the younger members of the Boston Art Club in 1928, and held its opening exhibit in Magnolia. The organization has about sixty members.*

UNDER the guidance of Philip Hendy, director of its Fine Arts Department, the Boston Museum recently invited an exhibition by the New England Society of Contemporary Art. Both oils and water colors were eligible, and the private view of the eighty pictures shown was held in the Renaissance Court of the Museum June 23. A number of the painters represented had no

new pictures available and galleries and individual owners loaned more than half of the works displayed. In this latter group were included works by Burchfield, Hassam, Hopper, Kuhn, Lie and Speicher, loaned by the Addison Gallery of the Phillips Andover Academy; and canvases by George Luks, Kenneth Miller and Alexander Brook from private collections. Thirty-six of the eighty



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



FIFTEENTH CENTURY, BY R. ACADIUS LYON, HAS A DISTINCTLY ARCHAEOLOGICAL FLAVOR OF ITS OWN QUITE IN KEEPING WITH ITS FORMIDABLENESS.

pictures shown were by members of the Society, the remainder having been loaned for the exhibition.

*Alsira Singing*, a portrait by Waldo Peirce, welcomes the visitor at the entrance to the Court, and within Mrs. Peirce, herself a painter, gives us *In the Luxembourg*, a tranquil scene of harmonious colors and orderly spacing. Edmund Archer's *Brick Carrier* is an admirable study of a muscular negro carrying a hod of bricks, firmly painted and well handled throughout. Several of the portraits are excellent, with Samuel Biggin's *Mr. Charles Flato* and Peirce's *The Artist's Family* leading the procession.

Marcia Hite, director of the Louisville Art Center and Louisville Art Association, and a prize-winner in several southern exhibitions, is a self-trained painter. She shows two water-colors, a still-life, *Tulips*, and *Starting Gate*, a tense track scene. Mrs. Hite sup-

presses non-essentials rigorously and tends toward emphasis of brilliant tone and vitalized pattern. Heinrich Pfeiffer and Haughton Sanguinetti both exhibit marines which provide welcome contrast to the placid landscapes of Henrietta King, Frederick Clay Bartlett and Theophile Schneider. *Barn and Silo*, by Bessie Creighton, provides another antithesis to the lively marines, and stresses a photographic meticulousness of detail. The harsh vertical and horizontal lines of the buildings are softened by the play of shadow, and the component parts of the painting are tied together by the wheel-ruts in the sweeping curve of the drive along a wooden fence and through a half-opened gate. Carl Gordon Cutler's water-colors, *The Lake* and *Rocks and Trees*, are free and spacious, handled in the modern manner but carefully arranged and orderly in composition, as might be expected from a teacher. In his pictures, paths have a habit of wandering off to one side, forming series of windows through which, upon close study, interesting vistas can be discerned. Surprisingly, these side views do not distract attention from the scene as a whole, perhaps because Mr. Cutler ties his subject together along symmetrical lines and affords a central focus, with the bypaths as a complement only. His methods are fraught with danger for the less experienced painter, and his ambitious themes full of pitfalls for the unwary copyist, though admirably suited to demonstrate the sure touch of the accomplished artist.

Karl Knaths, Blanche Lazzell, Dorothy Michaelson, Heinrich Pfeiffer, Theophile Schneider, Agnes Weinrich and Ross Mofett, with Evelin Bodfish Bourne of Buzzards Bay, are representatives of the Provincetown Group. They present fresh contemporary painting from the "Left" wing, and seem more closely allied to the invited artists, such as Jay Van Everen, Alexander Brook, and Stuyvesant VanVeen. *Cape Cod Houses* by Agnes Weinrich has been han-

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

dled in her usual primitive style. Though at first it appears that the angles formed by the houses with their ells and additions break up the painting into sections, a closer study of the picture reveals the ingenious use of shadows cast by these projections and the typical Cape Cod fence with its arched arbor entrance to one lawn as integral parts of the composition, which guide the eye and help to establish a focal point. *The Pink Geranium* by Evelin Bodfish Bourne affords a good example of the interesting results that can be obtained from skilful arrangement of a still life. Karl Knaths' painting entitled *Light and Time* is very symbolic and as Mr. Knaths, one of the most promising of the Provincetown artists, is a brilliant colorist, the skilfully blended patchwork picks up the note launched by the candles and clock and carries it triumphantly into that sea of color that artists use to convey thoughts and impressions that cannot be expressed in definite forms or words. It is in that sea that Blanche Lazzell and Jay Van Everen float their paintings of the abstract. These compositions are carefully painted with warmth in their solid colors and interludes of light tones. Dorothy Michaelson's *Nude* was the only such composition included in the show. It was well handled, its broad brush strokes giving a sense of roundness to the legs and hands of the model.

Margarett Sargent can always be depended upon to exhibit interesting portraits, and the two she has in the exhibition are good examples of her recent work. *Cuban* is the result of a study made in Havana last Winter. In it she has caught the self-consciousness of her model, who is wearing a tortoiseshell back-comb in her hair. The flesh-tones are particularly warm and afford an interesting comparison with the dark hair and the texture of the dress. *Watteau Hat*, like Miss Sargent's other painting, is a dextrously handled portrait, with the deceptive freedom that is the result of technical skill

and strict attention to business, yet gives the impression of being freely and casually painted after the manner of Raoul Dufy and the School of Paris.

Sam Charles sent in two small water-colors, *New Hampshire Bridge* and *Flowers*. In them the elimination of non-essentials has been carried out consistently, with the result that the few lines in the pictures act as spurs to the imagination. Mr. Charles has a good sense of shades of color and graduations of warmth in the same tones have been used to illustrate the intensity of sunlight and shadow. Harry Newton Redman, a musical composer and professor at the New England Conservatory of Music, pursues his hobby of painting with such assiduity and good effect that he has exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh Museum of Fine Arts and Harvard Society for Contemporary Art. In this exhibition his *The Screen* depends for at-



Photograph by R. M. Shaw, Boston.

WATTEAU HAT, BY MARGARETT SARGENT.

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tractiveness chiefly in the remarkable harmony of the colors. It is an impression among his followers that to Mr. Redman the most important phase of painting is expression of form and color. As with classical music, a field in which he has also achieved distinction, his paintings seem to be abstract symphonies deliberately lacking in definite

ness of color. From this caricature, which leaves the impression that the artist is having considerable amusement with us, we consider the work of R. Arcadius Lyon, restorer of paintings at the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. In *Fifteenth Century*, Mr. Lyon has employed egg tempera as a medium and with it has recaptured the feeling



DANCING TIME, BY ALBERT A. SMITH.

Photographed by James L. Allen.

meaning. The apparent tendency to consider the subject of the painting as unimportant is perhaps borne out by the theme of satire; while the caricature and primitiveness of drawing from which it derives its power is carried successfully by the tremendous symphonic rhythm and absolute pure-

ness of color. From this caricature, which leaves the impression that the artist is having considerable amusement with us, we consider the work of R. Arcadius Lyon, restorer of paintings at the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. In *Fifteenth Century*, Mr. Lyon has employed egg tempera as a medium and with it has recaptured the feeling

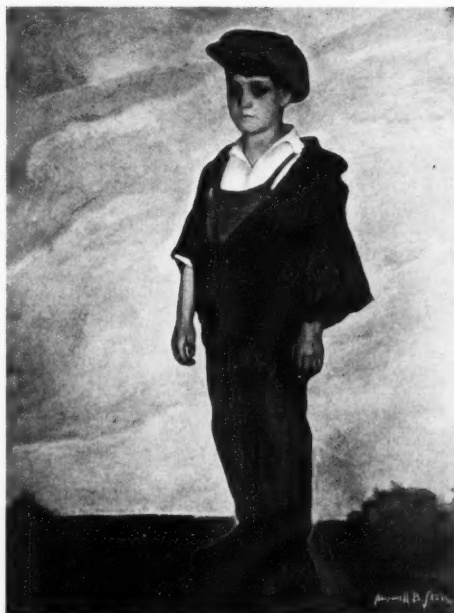
## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

tirely different manner that it amazes one to view the versatility of the artist and compels admiration for his adaptability.

Albert Alexander Smith, William H. Johnson, Archibald John Motley, Jr., and Allison L. Oglesby were represented in the exhibition through the courtesy of The Harmon Foundation, New York City, which loaned a painting by each of these well known negro artists. In *Dancing Time*, by A. Alexander Smith, the artist has caught the care-free rhythm of the dance and the characters seem alive.

In *Son of a Worker*, painted by Maxwell B. Starr, a member of Rebel Arts, New York City, the tragic eyes and serious face of a lad dressed in garments obviously cut down and remade for him, haunted me even when I had left the exhibition. Though the painting is a portrait of a young boy only, against a background of fleecy clouds, it is also a mighty satire against a society so oppressive that a naturally carefree child can show such sombre gravity in every line of his features. It is one of the most powerful paintings I have ever seen.

Svetoslav Roerich, son of the famous Nicholas Roerich, is regarded as a talented portraitist and has been praised for his technique and color. The portrait study of *Louis L. Horch*, President of the International Art Center of the Roerich Museum, shows Mr. Horch seated at a desk on which is a silver statue from Thibet while as a background there is a mural of central Asiatic motives painted by the artist's noted father. George Luks' paintings strike a local note for the exhibition since they depict two Boston settings, *St. Botolph Street—Noon*, and *Mt. Vernon Street*. These paintings were loaned by Mr. and Mrs. Quincy Shaw McKean, with the permission of the artist. The first is a study in light and shade, with the shadows cast by the awnings relieving the intense sunlight on the buildings, in front of



SON OF A WORKER, BY MAXWELL B. STARR.

which an ice-man is struggling with a huge cake of ice. In the other painting, the quiet charm of Mt. Vernon Street on Beacon Hill has been captured and has been emphasized by the fruit peddler who is talking with a prospective buyer in one of the houses.

Samuel Halpert and Edward Hopper, both invited artists, used New York City as their inspiration. The former gives us a bright vista of *Central Park*. Hopper's *Manhattan Loop* depicts the region where so many of Manhattan's hot and weary millions dwell, and one of the means of transportation by which they sometimes escape from their summer inferno of heated steel and brick asphalt. Speicher, Maurer and Romano each has a still life on exhibition, disclosing all the variety of color, form and treatment for which these painters are distinguished. Others among the invited group included Lie, Kuhn and Miller.

# THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN

By MERRITT MOORE THOMPSON

*A Suite of Inca Legends freely done into English from the Spanish of Abraham Valdelomar*

*Professor Thompson, as will be seen from his introductory remarks, has long been a close student of Inca culture and tradition, and presents his collection of legends, not as the result of his own scholarly research, but merely as translations of work by the poet Valdelomar, who put them into metrical renderings of his own from the original prose. The two Legends reproduced here by kind permission of Dr. Thompson are characteristic of the entire series, which is unique and has an intrinsic value quite apart from its authenticity.*

## INTRODUCTION

THESE stories are a free translation from the Spanish of Abraham Valdelomar. Several of them had been published in magazines and other periodicals in Peru at the time of the death of the author. These were collected by Manuel Beltroy and placed with others which he found among the papers of the author to form the present collection, which was published in 1921 under the name of *Los Hijos del Sol* in the *Series Euforion* at Lima, Peru.

Abraham Valdelomar was born April 27, 1888, in Ica, Peru. Around 1905 or 1906 he started as a draughtsman in Lima. He attended the School of Engineering and also the Faculty of Letters at the University of San Marcos, but withdrew from both, the latter in 1912. He collaborated as illustrator in *Monos y Monadas*, a light and humorous weekly, directed in 1907 by Leonidas Yeroví. The Peruvian artist, Málaga Grenet, also made his start in this same periodical. Valdelomar collaborated in other periodicals as well, the *Cinema* in 1908, directed by Octavio Espinosa y G., being one for which he both wrote and drew. In 1910 he won a municipal prize by writing the beautiful *Con la argelina al viento*, in which he told his impressions of the life of a soldier, since he had enlisted in the army when war was threatening with Ecuador. In 1911 in the reviews *Variedades* and *Ilustración Peruana* of Lima, he published two short novels,

in the style of d' Annunzio: *La ciudad muerta* and *La ciudad de los típicos*. Under President Billinghurst in 1912, he was a political leader and was sent to Rome as secretary of the Peruvian Legation. Passing through New York on his way to Rome, he wrote and sent back to Peru several delightful articles. From Rome he sent a story for a contest being held by the newspaper *La Nación* of Lima which won the prize. The story was *El Caballero Carmelo*, which is still considered his most substantial and representative work on account of its completely national character. On his return to Peru around 1914 or 1915 he published a book of history called *La Mariscala* on the life of Doña Pancha Zubiaga de Gamarra. The next year or so he adopted the pseudonym "El Conde de Lemos" and started a work at the same time censorious and iconoclastic, using his review *Colonida* as a special medium of expression. In the daily *Prensa* of Lima he wrote much, calling forth passionate commentaries and more discussion than any other writer at the time. In 1918 *El Caballero Carmelo* was published in a volume with the other most representative stories of his work. In 1919 after his death *Belmonte, el trágico*, a book of aesthetic sketches, was published, and in 1921, *Los Hijos del Sol*. There yet remain to be published *La Aldea Encantada*, stories; and *Fuegos Fatuos* and *Neuronas*, aesthetic commentaries and verses. His only collection of



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poetry is in *Las Voces Múltiples*, written in collaboration with seventeen other writers. A year before his death he undertook a difficult task of nationalistic propaganda, on account of which he travelled over the entire country giving lectures. He was Secretary of the Regional Congress of the Center, when, the day of the official banquet, his foot slipped in a dark passageway, throwing him against a post of the stairway and injuring his spine. He died in Ayacucho, November 4, 1919, greatly lamented and widely commented upon.

It is difficult to evaluate the legends of the "Children of the Sun" critically. Valdelomar was more imaginative than scholarly and in consequence cared more for the poetic effect of his work (although the stories are written in prose in the original) than for it as an exact reproduction of the literature of the Incas. From his intimate contact with the Indians of the highlands of Peru, he may have had access to traditions not generally known. The language of the ancient Incas had no written form, the only means of preserving history and literature being professional story-tellers whose memory was aided by knotted cords called *quipus* which were, however, quite worthless in the hands of the uninitiated. The ruthlessness of the early Spanish conquerors permitted most of the race to die off without having reduced to writing the traditional culture. Fortunately,

there were some exceptions in the persons of sympathetic priests and others who caught a portion of the material before it passed into oblivion. At best the literary fragments are few, the drama *Ollantay* being the longest and most complete specimen. Some of the stories in the present collection belong to this class; for example, *The Brothers and Sisters Ayar or the Founding of the Empire* is well known and belongs to the legendary history of the people. *The Outcast* and the *Soul of the Quena* may belong to the literary fragments. It is, however, now impossible to draw the line exactly between those which have the fragmentary base and those which are entirely the invention of the author. In any case his sympathetic insight and wealth of knowledge of the Indians make his stories all very much worth while as a reconstruction of the life of that people who can be known only as writers of vision piece out the meager and fragmentary remains of their culture.

My deep appreciation is due Dr. Henry C. Niese of Los Angeles, who has assisted and encouraged the attempt to make known the work of Valdelomar in this country; Dr. Luis Alberto Sánchez of Lima, who furnished autobiographical and critical data; and to the family of Abraham Valdelomar, who have given their consent to the present use of his work.

## V

### THE SNOW SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK

In the reign of Túpac Inca Yupánqui, Ritti-Kimi, brother of the Inca, was one of his favorites.

He used arrows and weapons equal to those of his royal brother

And in the afternoons spent long hours in conversation with him.

All were happy in the kingdom.

Pácaric had made conquests for his Inca,

Had collected animals of great rarity for his apartments,

And precious stones for his headband, symbol of his royal authority.

One afternoon the two noble brothers watched together

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From the terrace of the royal palace  
The Sun descending over the distant sea,  
Covering the sky with a ruddy glow  
As of a flame from the fires of the sacred altar.

They watched attentively as the Sun slowly  
dropped behind the horizon

Without enwrapping himself in clouds, a  
happy omen for the Inca.

The orb of day was just beginning to disappear

When a tiny gilded cloud approached the  
sacred disk

And almost touched the encircling rim.

The Inca grew pale.

Now the cloud wisp changed its direction and  
touched not the holy face,

While the two nobles, absorbed with a tense  
and feverish interest,

Scarcely breathed.

Now were left but minutes, seconds now. . .

"At last!"

"A blessed fortune awaits you!"

"Satisfied and even joyful at the outcome  
am I.

Ask of me what you will and today I shall  
grant it to you."

"You will grant to me, sir and brother,

What I today ask of you?"

"I shall grant it to you. Speak!"

"I wish to behold with my very own eyes the  
sacred Virgins of the Sun."

The Inca again grew pale.

That request was an audacity, beyond his  
wildest imagination.

There was not precedent for similar request  
And him who had dared to voice it in words

Would they have hanged in the public plaza.

"You have not sought riches, nor castles, nor  
estates:

Nor fortune, nor honors.

You have not stopped at gold unmeasured, a  
woman of my concubines,

Nor one of my slaves.

Why do you ask what never before has been  
sought?

Why do you desire that your eyes behold  
What never before have human eyes beheld?  
Seek of me what you will.

Yours are my treasures, my slaves and my  
concubines,

My weapons and my garments, my sheep and  
my llamas.

But ask me not for that which is not mine to  
grant."

"You will not deny that you promised what  
I should desire.

You can refuse to fulfill your promise

And command that in your presence I be  
hanged,

But, if it be that men deceive,

Remember that the gods are not duped by  
the wiles of men.

You will not desire to attempt to deceive  
them!

You shall keep your august word.

You have promised, noble Child of the Sun."

The Inca felt himself lost before the words  
of his brother.

His face clouded and, with his glance averted  
to the ground,

He pronounced the sole phrase:

"Be it so! . . ."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when  
the noble entered the sacred precincts.

He was not to talk to the chosen ones,

But he might visit all parts of the abode and  
look upon all the Virgins.

His eyes were enchanted.

Then as a flash of summer lightning passing  
between the clouds of a troubled sky,

From the dark depths of the eyes of her  
whom they called Yipay

Came an answering and passionate glance

Which changed for him the world forever.

But no word was spoken.

The Inca made him shepherd of the sacred  
flocks of the Sun

And chose for himself from among the Vir-  
gins of the Sun

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(Privilege of his divine and royal might)  
One who should enter the royal household,  
Most recent and beautiful of maidens to be-  
come betrothed to his Majesty,  
And share the honors of his lofty position.

"Whence come you, traveller?"

"From the Sacred City."

"Know you the noble Ritti Kimi, brother of  
of the Inca?"

"Yes, for many moons he has been shepherd  
of the flocks of the Sun,

Far from the Sacred City."

"What is the news of the Kingdom?"

"A great feast is taking place.

The nuptials of the Inca and Yipay,

Virgin of the Sun."

The questioner continued his way toward  
the City

And met a messenger, fleet of foot,

Bearing despatches between cities of the  
Empire.

"Whence come you?"

"From the City of Gold."

"What news from the City?"

"A great feast. Today the Inca takes a  
new wife. . . ."

The questioner hastened on, almost treading  
upon an aged man

Bowed low in the dust of the royal highway.

"Whence come you?"

"From the City of the Inca."

"What news bring you from the City?"

"The marriage of a Virgin of the Sun."

Then, his soul torn asunder, grief in his eyes,

And trembling his hands as of one palsied by  
sudden shock,

He turned his footsteps and strode toward  
the hill

At the foot of the sierras,

Abandoned his journey to the Sacred City.

As he faced about, a group of travellers met  
his sight:

"Whither go you?"

"We travel to Cuzco for the nuptials of the  
Virgin of the Sun.

These are gifts from the Province."

Then he fled to the mountains as gloom, like  
the shadow of night,

Enveloped his spirit.

Arriving at the familiar pasture, he drove  
the flock

Toward the snowline of distant peaks,

Upward and upward.

The sheep, huddled together, meek and  
white, ascended slowly,

Peaceably, silently;

Covering the hill, arriving at the summit, and  
descending the other side,

But to ascend another and higher ridge.

One day passed, two days, and then at last,

They arrived at a virgin snowfield.

Already his hands were frozen and his tongue  
swollen.

The cold entered into his very bones;

For the Sun glittering on the snow gave him  
no warmth;

And his ears roared, since he had eaten noth-  
ing during the long climb.

Then he caught a sheep, in order to commit  
the horrible crime of butchery

And avenge himself on the Inca, his brother  
and rival.

He wished to pollute with ruddy blood the  
perpetual snows.

The Sun, perceiving his intent, while on the  
very peak of the mountain

The shepherd in the midst of the sacred  
flock prepared his sacrifice,

Hid his dazzling face in an instant, and let  
loose a raging tempest,

Hurling over the mountains in fury, snow,  
snow, spotless snow.

When the Sun again unveiled his face,

The shepherd and his flock had been con-  
verted into snow.

He had loved the Virgin with so strong and  
pure a love

That the Sun Father himself could not over-  
come his passion and grief,

And when he shows his face over the moun-  
tain,

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Against his will, his rays always melt a little  
of the icy statue  
And the waters run down from the head of  
the lover,  
Seeking first a narrow channel, then a brook,  
a stream, afterward a river,  
And finally the sea on whose bosom they are  
scattered over all the world,  
Those tears of the lover's weeping.  
And he always weeps when the sun shines.

When you ascend the mountain and see the  
snow on the peak,  
You will find the white flock converted into  
snow  
And at the center the poor shepherd.  
That lover has never returned to the world  
And will weep eternally,  
While there is snow, while there are moun-  
tains,  
And while the Sun comes out and makes his  
tears to flow.

### VI

#### THE SOUL OF THE QUENA

The Inca from the small terrace by the  
palace,  
Saw rise the Moon in the splendor and peace  
of the night  
And heard the same rare melody that he had  
heard at the side of the royal highway.  
During the late afternoon.  
He had commanded to halt his escort  
And, while his professional story-tellers blew  
the note of inquiry on their flutes,  
Certain of his attendants scattered into the  
valley,  
But the Inca did not find out whether that  
strange and doleful music  
Proceeded from man or bird.  
Now he heard it more clearly, although still  
imperfectly,  
And he sharpened his ears to catch it even  
more distinctly.  
It was a strain where joy and sorrow  
mingled,  
As a sweet reproach,  
As a complaint murmured in a low voice,  
Notes which enwrapped the spirit,  
And penetrated into the nerve-cords as a  
dagger-thrust,  
Which awakened unburied memories and  
griefs not yet covered  
By the hallowing and merciful hand of time,

At whose invocation words died on one's lips,  
in the eyes were born tears,  
And in the profound depths of the soul  
welled up something akin to desire,  
An aspiration toward that all-pervasive  
world-soul,  
Which in its deepest essence is always tragic,  
even in its joys.  
Was it a bird from some far-off and un-  
known region?  
Was it a man pouring out his very soul?  
To his guards Sinchi Rocca gave order to  
quench the burning aromatic resins and  
retire.  
"How the melody floats, how it vibrates,  
And what a world of pathos it bears."  
Thus he spoke to his wife, Coya Chimpo, sit-  
ting at his side,  
Who thus made answer:  
"So divine is that music, my lord and hus-  
band,  
That it seems not the song of man nor the  
sound of a quena.  
One would say that it is a bird come to weep  
out its soul beneath the Moon.  
During these nights, from distant mountains  
and valleys  
Come rare birds to sing in the gardens of  
the palace.

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Yesterday I saw a tiny bird, red as a wound,  
Come to rest in the sacred cornfields."

The noble monarch arose.

Deliberately and calmly he surveyed from the  
terrace

The Imperial City.

Below extended the city with its temples and  
palaces.

Ruddy lights indicated the location of the  
four plazas

And the four great highways.

In front stood the Coricancha, guarded by  
Villac Umus and his noble warriors,

And within which rested the divine treasure,  
the image of the sun,

Flanked by the double row of mummies of  
the Emperors.

Before the massive temple spread out the  
Intipampa,

Great and sacred plaza, very center of the  
Empire,

Around which stood the palaces of the  
nobles.

Nearby, facing the Amarucancha, place of  
serpents,

Rose the temple of the Chosen Ones, Virgins  
of the Sun,

Within unbroken walls of heavy stone.

Some distance to the right, surrounding the  
Plaza of Cuntisuyu,

Could be seen the prison, on the far side of  
the river;

And on the near side the royal fields.

On the opposite side of the city  
Were barracks, institutions for the unfortu-  
nate,

Corrals for beasts as yet unbroken to cargo  
And some palaces of nobles.

Farther away beyond the walls, the fresh  
valley slept

Beneath the sapphire sky of that tranquil  
night,

While the Moon let fall her mystic rays

And a perfumed breeze ascended like incense  
to her

From the silent World.

Mute the Inca seated himself in his chair of  
black palm

Encrusted with gold.

"If he who draws forth that melody be a  
man,

I should like to have him in the palace,

If a bird, in my gardens."

"Command it so, my lord."

"If he were a man, easy would it be to take  
him into my service,

But if he be a bird, nothing avails my will

Since his kind are bearers of the pomp of  
the Sun, my Father,

Officially sanctioned and sacred to his  
honor."

Suddenly the Coya, making a gesture of sup-  
plication, exclaimed:

"Listen, Son of the most high!"

The Inca concentrated his attention;

His face expressed his curiosity, then his  
admiration,

Mingled at first with a shadow of doubt, but  
clearing suddenly.

He spoke and rubbed his hands with the joy  
of a child:—

"I have it! I have it!

It is a quena! Seek out and bring to me the  
man who plays!"

Groups of serving-men were burning aro-  
matic essences

In the half-light of the Moon.

At a gesture from the Inca, they went out  
quickly to obey his command,

While others took their places and continued  
burning the resins.

Silence reigned for a time.

Then sounded the quena clearly perceived as  
advancing

Nearer and nearer.

The calls of the guards rang out from post  
to post.

Meanwhile the Coya thus spoke:

"If he is a man, it must be Llacctan Nanay;  
But he has been lost sight of . . .

Kuychy, my maid, has told me that Llacctan  
is not in the kingdom.



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The shepherds say that the Father Sun  
 snatched him up from the Empire  
 To sing in his mansion beyond the great sea.  
 The white women of the North say that  
 Mama Quilla  
 Has banished him that he no longer cause  
 men to die with his songs of infinite  
 sorrow.  
 The fishermen of the Sacred Lake say that  
 he wanders at night  
 On the Solitary Isle;  
 The laborers, that the birds, envious of his  
 music,  
 Took from him his eyes,  
 And he, blinded, fell into the river;  
 The guardians of the Amarucancha relate  
 that, at the sound of his flute,  
 The serpents followed and devoured him;  
 And the messengers of the Empire declare  
 that they hear his melodies  
 At night in the depth of the forests . . ."  
 The voices of the guards were heard, and,  
 shortly,  
 Appeared a group of noble retainers leading  
 an Indian.  
 In the royal presence all bent low,  
 A tiny burden upon each back, symbol of  
 humble submission,  
 While the Indian, trembling, stammered:  
 "The humblest of your servants, Viracocha!"  
 "Lift him up, let him approach, and you may  
 retire,"  
 Gave command the Inca,  
 Who thus remained with the Coya and the  
 musician unattended.  
 A ragged tunic covered poorly his pale flesh;  
 While the remainder of his costume betok-  
 ened his rude and wandering life:  
 Torn sandals, a staff of rough and heavy  
 wood;  
 His hair thick and tangled, held at the fore-  
 head by a band in the manner of a  
 crown,  
 And from the neck hung on a long cord the  
 flute of five notes.  
 "Who are you?" asked the Inca.

"I am Viracocha, from the district next to  
 that of the Imperial City."  
 "Who has taught you to play the flute?  
 Why is your song so mournful?"  
 "No one has taught me, Most Powerful One!  
 It was grief! I weep for the loss of my loved  
 one!"  
 "The Inca, your father, wishes to be friendly  
 to you,  
 The Son of the Father Sun will give you  
 what you desire.  
 Ask.  
 From today you shall live in my palace and  
 in my garden,  
 Where your soul will forget its pain  
 And your quena will give joy to the castle.  
 You shall play on the quena without hin-  
 drance. . . .  
 Hear you my words? . . .  
 I am going to make you happy!"  
 "That I can never be, Son of the Most High.  
 Even you cannot bring her back from the pal-  
 ace of the Sun. . . .  
 But you can lessen my misfortune. . . .  
 I am going to ask of you one thing. . . ."  
 "Speak."  
 "Grant me ever the freedom of the Empire,  
 To pass the frontiers, to enter the districts,  
 To wander over all roads.  
 Command that no one close to me the high-  
 way,  
 And that no one in your kingdom prevent my  
 playing the quena. . . .  
 Make me believe that all the world is mine,  
 And, knowing that my life belongs to you,  
 Let me believe, oh, Son of the Most High,  
 That I may devote it to my grief. . . ."  
 "I will give you servants, I will make of you  
 a noble;  
 You shall approach near to my throne  
 And march in my retinue.  
 You shall have soft garments  
 Woven from the fine wool of young alpacas,  
 And servants to fulfill the least of your de-  
 sires. . . ."

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But you shall continue to play the quena."  
"My Father! My Father! Let me go  
through the world!  
I will sing songs to Inti in your name.  
On the largest trees I will engrave your in-  
signias,  
And on the highest rocks, I will place your  
colors.  
I will hunt bats for your imperial robe;  
I will teach to pronounce your name and re-  
spect your deeds,  
The heads of families in distant provinces  
And farther yet in the depths of the forests,  
Where the voice of your professional story-  
tellers is not heard,  
I will scatter the fame of your exploits;  
At the dawn of each day when the Sun, your  
Father, begins to appear . . .  
But let me depart!  
If I remain in your castle, my songs will not  
please you  
Nor my sorrow touch your heart.  
Wish you that I be happy and my quena  
weep?  
Give me not feasts nor riches, servants nor  
palaces.  
Grief is not made. Grief is.  
One does not weep to divert others.  
Sorrow is in the light of the Moon, in the  
shadow of verdure,  
In the silence of Nature.  
In the gray of the clouds which gather into  
opaque masses  
At the summits of the mountains when it  
rains,  
There is grief.  
In the cold wind which blows the cutting  
blast of the tempest,  
In the rumbling of the thunder, in the rain  
falling in torrents incessant,

In the sacred snow, in the river which tears  
its bed  
And reddens its water with clay, in the  
vivid flash of the lightning,  
There abides sorrow.  
But in your gardens, Son of the Most High,  
it abides not.  
Grief is immense as the sea, proud as the  
condor, many-colored as the wood.  
You know not the pangs of sorrow. . . .  
Let me go, Child of the Sun, Powerful One,  
Kin to the Creator of all things;  
Take not from me the only thing which re-  
mains in life to me,  
My affliction.  
Break not the spell of my quena,  
Destroy not my life!"  
"You are and you are not of my kingdom.  
Go through the world, Divine Wanderer,  
Wear this insignia of the Inca that no one  
oppose you in your course.  
It is a plume from my diadem.  
Farewell! Go in peace!"  
"Farewell! Farewell!"  
Thus speaking the musician bowed low and  
kissed the floor at the feet of the mon-  
arch.  
The soldiers turned toward him,  
And, by them escorted, he descended the steps  
of the palace.  
The guards returned to their post.  
The resins in the braziers were renewed and  
soon  
Beneath the serene and silent Moon  
Once again from the distant canebrake  
Came the mournful and desolate echo of the  
quena.  
"Such sweet sadness! Such sweet sadness!"  
spoke low the Inca, turning to his  
Queen.  
The Moon passed beneath a cloud.





*Courtesy, Smithsonian Institution.*

AT THE UPPER LEFT, THE MIMBREÑO ARTIST, WITH A FANCY AIRILY GREEN, DREW A GOAT WITH THE FOREPAWS AND TAIL OF A LION, AND THEN CLAPPED A WAR-BONNET ON THE MONSTER'S HEAD. BELOW, ANOTHER CHIMAERICAL CREATION, GIVES US A MIGHTY, PIKELIKE FISH WITH FOUR SHORT FAT LEGS, AND A FOXLIKE HEAD WITH TEETH AND TONGUE, THE WHOLE CROWNED BY A DELIGHTFULLY ORNAMENTAL TASSEL.

THE FIGURE AT THE RIGHT IS NO LESS IMAGINATIVE—A THREE-LEGGED DEER IN FRONT AND A FAT LITTLE FISH BEHIND.



Courtesy, Smithsonian Institution.

AT THE LEFT, THE CROW-HUNTER AT HIS WORK IS GRAPHICALLY PORTRAYED, AND THE TWO BIRDS TANGLED IN THE WEEDS ARE KEENLY ALIVE. AT THE RIGHT, EVERY FISHERMAN WILL VASTLY ENJOY A TRUTHFUL (?) LIKENESS OF "THE FISH THAT GOT AWAY" AND THE MONSTER WHO STOLE ALL THE BAIT.

## THE LAUGHING ARTISTS OF THE MIMBRES VALLEY

By EDITHA L. WATSON

IT'S a funny world we live in.

People with a sense of humor seem to survive better than those without—or do they? At any rate, they are remembered longer. Sometimes they even achieve a little fame from their wit. Such were the Mimbrenos of some five centuries ago; the inhabitants of the Mimbres valley in New Mexico. Without that flash of laughter which echoes through their lives, they would be just another extinct Indian tribe. But the flash is there; it saves them from a near-oblivion, and holds them forth to view as the only Indian cartoonists, who rank with the great humorists of all time and every race.

What in the world could have brought out this gay viewpoint? These were Indians like many others. Their homes were not half so well built as some we could mention in the southwest. The Mimbres was not an extra-

ordinary river in any way, except that it sank into the sands at its end, and did not flow into lake, river, or sea. But try as we will, we cannot find any reason in that interesting fact for the *joie de vivre* of the Mimbrenos.

There were the usual hills, with the usual pines and other flora of that rather ungenerous land; there were rocks on which might be (and were) carved pictures of various sorts, not much different from any other carved rocks in this former stamping-ground of many red men. The sun, presumably, was as hot, and the moon as romantic, and the dust as ubiquitous, as they are at present on the Mimbres. Hunt as we may, we can find no material reason for this love of laughter.

Not that Indians are a glum folk, because they are not and never were. After reading

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IF THE WILD TURKEYS OF THE MIMBRES VALLEY WERE REALLY SO PUGNACIOUS, AND HAD SUCH TERRIBLE TEETH AND NEEDLELIKE HORNS, IT IS NO WONDER THE POTTERS TRIED TO MAKE THEM SEEM A JOKE.

the reminiscences of some of our old-timers, we often wonder how the red men could keep straight faces before them, but we feel sure that after Old Timer's back was turned, his dignified listeners gave way to their mirth. How could they help it?

Among their own people, Lo and Mrs. Lo were full of fun. They delighted in horseplay; and let us mark this up for them—they could laugh at themselves. If that does not completely prove their sense of humor, what could? We can imagine them telling a joke over and over again, in the manner of some of our own popular funsters, and laughing just as heartily over the latest rendition as the first.

The Sioux went even farther than that. Places where funny things had happened were marked, so that curious passers-by might inquire the reason and be regaled with the joke.

But it remained for the Mimbresños of pre-Columbian days to perpetuate their sense of fun on pottery. These were the only car-

toonists of ancient times, and they lived up to this distinction. Probably all the jokes of the villages were painted on their bowls. The fish that got away has been immortalized in song and story—even on Mimbres pottery, as the illustration shows. Then there is a picture of four fishermen whose baits a great finny creature seems to have swallowed all at once. Who will put up the best claim to him, we wonder? Really, he is large enough to divide between them, but we doubt if they will consent to that.

Did the great wild felines of the early days stage "back-fence" concerts? According to one bowl, they did, for there they are, yowling and chasing each other.

A gambling scene on a broken piece of pottery shows that men would bet even in those days. Two dice are on the table, and a basket full of arrows seems to represent the "pot". One player is reaching for his pile; another has just one arrow left, while the third is cleaned out, and sits back in an attitude of despair.

Some of the grotesque figures which those laughing Mimbres potters have handed down for us to see are worthy a section in the Museum of Unnatural History. How would you like to meet a fish with an enormously long body, four stout legs, a mouth with teeth and tongue, and a tassel on its head?

One turkey can be fierce enough (and there is a picture of a little man, armed with a switch, "herding" a gobbler and scratching his head in bewilderment at its pugnacious attitude), but we have a picture of a turkey with three heads!

A bat with blanket designs on its square wings may not seem very strange, but how about a goat with a war-bonnet on its head, and the front legs and tail of a lion? Or a man with the ears and tail of a rabbit? Or a hybrid, half-deer and half-fish?

On the other hand, the real creatures which the Mimbresños knew have been drawn with great accuracy and a real sense of art, retain-



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ing only enough of that unique gaiety to give grace and charm to the painted figures. A lion is no less a lion if his tail is curled round and round and ends in a fish-tail; a turtle with a nice geometrical design on his back is quite in keeping; and lizards, and fish, and birds, with markings such as no creature ever wore, are astonishingly decorative.

It is surprising how lovely a border of grasshoppers can be. Who would dream that there were artistic possibilities in a large, flat fish, or a long, curving one, for that matter? A goat to us would be just a goat—to them it was the motif for a bowl. They knew no limitations in their quest for art. Everything that lived around them became models for these astonishing artists.

And these are not scrawled caricatures—they are portraits, even though done with a sense of humor. Here is a butterfly, there a waterbug. We cannot mistake what they are, any more than we can keep from recognizing the graceful quail or the sinuous fish. If they are in strange proportion to the rest of the picture, does it matter? Often this only adds to the witty aspect, but it never detracts.

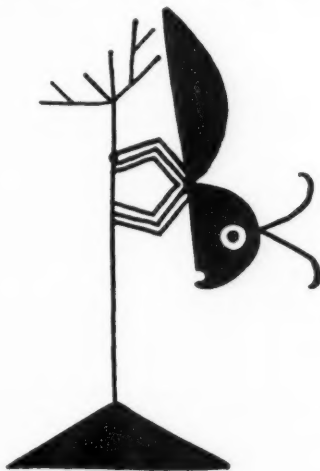
A design of corn hills with the stalks growing from them may be more of a grim jest than a merry one. The corn-eating insect on the stalk is enormous. It seems to have destroyed all but a few leaves; a corn plant, it appears, would furnish only a few bites for such a monster. Perhaps this bowl commemorates a plague of insects which ate all the corn—or perhaps it is just a joke on some lazy Indian who did not watch over his field.

There are many little stories told in the pictured ware. An idea of Indian beliefs is gained from a bowl showing men climbing from the underworld. A little picture of everyday life is given in the crow-hunter, with his snares, the dead crows, and the live ones caught among the weeds. Ceremonial ways are pictured in bowls showing strangely

dressed and painted men, engaged in unintelligible dances.

One of the most noteworthy features of the pottery from the Mimbres is its sureness of line. The parallel bands which encircle so many bowls are even to a simply astonishing degree, as if drawn with such a crude compass as they might devise—but we are sure that they had no helps to accuracy; these even lines were done by steady fingers and educated eyes. From this one feature these bowls would have a claim to respect which is all their own. But no other pottery equals them, not even that of their fairly near neighbors. Indeed, when we see some of the crudities in design perpetrated by other tribes in the southwest, we are struck with awe for the Mimbrenos. How did they do it? The answer to their skill is just as obscure as that to their gaiety.

Of course they developed a style that caused them to draw as erratically as they did. A people who could paint some designs with an almost photographic accuracy, could have done them all that way if they wished. But they didn't wish. Maybe it was too



THE MIMBREÑO ENTERTAINED NO DOUBTS AS TO THE VICIOUS IMPORTANCE OF THE CORN-EATING INSECT.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

much fun to draw the little comic people and the funny animals, or maybe the style was set and prescribed just so, as in our own schools of art.

There are no Indians along the Mimbres river now. There are not many people of any race: a few Mexicans, fewer whites. They farm the land where once the children of the earth lived; their plows have leveled it all into corn-fields; they have blended the mounds where houses stood into the flat ground.

Not many more years, and there will be nothing left of the ancient dwelling-places. "The earth hides and the rain effaces," to paraphrase Victor Hugo. Corn was the staple food of the people of long ago; now its leaves rustle over their graves and the graves of their homes. It has a friendly sound: it seems to say "Indians and corn; corn and Indians; we are still together".

The ruins along the Mimbres have been broken apart. Their walls have been dug out and torn down, and no thoughtful person wrote their story. It was the craze for pot-hunting that destroyed the little villages along the river. A bowl might be sold for two or three dollars. The fact that it had no value save as a curiosity, when thus carelessly dug out, made no difference; this was "easy money". And so Mexicans and ignorant white men dug through the towns, throwing away broken pottery which an archaeologist would have carefully collected and mended. They did not know enough to see where the pottery lay, whether inverted over a skull or grouped in a position which would mean much to a student. Walls were mere obstacles to them, and floors were nuisances. Such things tell stories only to those who know how to hear them; to vandals they are mute. Even the bowls, which give such happiness to us who laugh with their artists, were things to be sold, nothing more. How can we expect greedy eyes to see beauty and charm and laughter?

Then at last came the archaeologists. They sighed over the plowed fields; they frowned over the upturn ruins left by the pot-hunters. They excavated carefully, in the few places where they could, noting the data which means so much to science—so very much, in this case, because they are so very scarce. The



ONE OF THE GROTESQUE BIRD-ANIMAL FIGURES PAINTED BY THE MIMBREÑOS, WHICH REALLY SHOULD HAVE HAD A PLACE IN THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

vandals and the farmers have not left much for the men of learning.

So the Mimbres ruins are only ghosts; speechless ghosts, which hover just beyond our ken. They have given all they had to offer; or rather, most of it was ruthlessly taken. Little remains of value to anyone in these long-dead sites. Only the pottery lives to remind us of the Mimbres people.

It would have so much more worth, did we know more about the houses whence it came. Something of the lives of people clings to their homes. We grow to know them through the little ordinary things: cup-

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

board-niches for the *manos* (hand-stones) with which corn was ground on the *metates*; an *olla* with a concave bottom standing on the fireplace; a chunk of red ochre, used for paint. All of these things we have recorded for the benefit of students, but those burrowing gophers, the pot-hunters, have destroyed a thousand times more, that we can never know because of them.

Why should we care? So ask thoughtless people to whom archaeology means only a dull, dry study with a long name. Why do we care? Because these ruins are our textbooks. From them we learn what interests us most: the life-stories of these vanished people. But here is a text-book with the covers gone and most of the pages missing! We are fortunate, however, in having other and somewhat similar texts to guide us.

And so, as we have said, their pottery is nearly the only legacy left us by the ancient people of the Mimbres. Still, it is a legacy of joy. There is nothing of sadness about all this. It was inevitable that changes should come and alter the Mimbres valley. Perhaps the Mimbrenos did not foresee their annihilation; we doubt if they did. But they lived and died pleasantly, we think, for no air of melancholy hangs over their valley. They left, instead, the peace and happiness of their own gay dispositions. There may have been war, disease, drought, and other unpleasant things in their lives, true; but these people had personality; they fought back with less of grimness and more of gaiety. We are not moved to pity them; we spend our emotions in admiration instead.

There is a good deal of pottery from southwestern ruins in the museums. Some of it is coarse and crudely decorated, and the designs look as if they had been scribbled by children. On the other hand, some of it is colorful and ornamental. The figures drawn on it are delicate and artistic; the shapes of the bowls are graceful and pleasing to see.

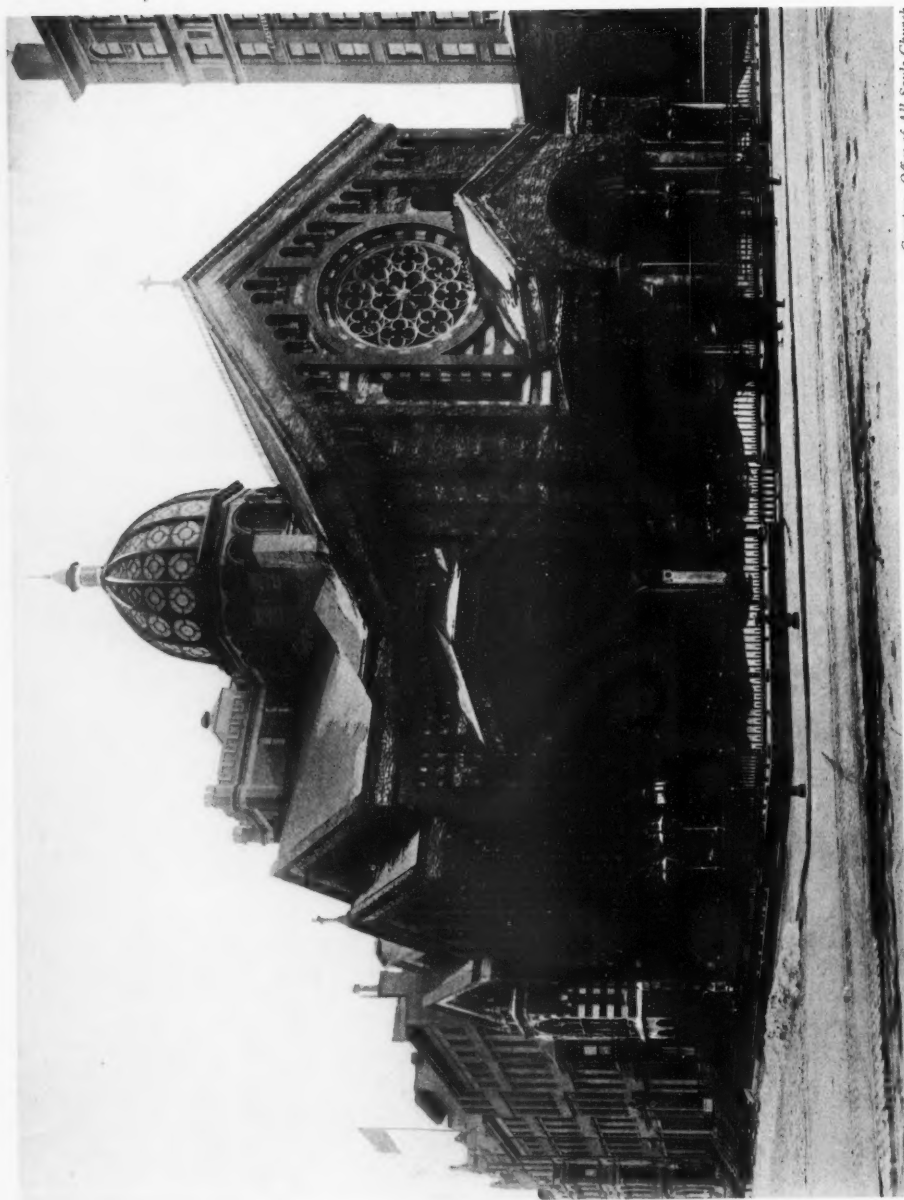
There are all sorts of grades in between these two, of course, and we learn to know them so well that we may tell where each style of ware was made. They are all intensely interesting, but most interesting of all is that from the Mimbres.

Why? It is not so colorful and artistic as that from Sikyatki. This famous ruin in Hopi-land has yielded some of the most delightful ware ever seen. It is especially graceful in shape and elaborate in design, and the passing centuries have not dulled the mellow reds and yellows and browns which are so pleasing to see. Mimbres ware, on the other hand, is nearly all black and white or red and white. It does not hint of such great antiquity as crude ware from other ruins farther north. It is well made and neatly decorated, but so is the pottery from many places where there are walls to excavate, and not mere heaps of earth and rocks.

There are several reasons why the Mimbres ware means so much. We must credit it with being carefully made, even though this is not an exclusive value. True, there are *ollas* and mugs and other forms of rough clay; they were necessary vessels, and were made to suit their uses. But the lovely decorated bowls which have come from these ruins are worthy of high praise. They are well-shaped. They are well-painted. The colors are bright and lasting—even after centuries of burial in damp earth and with moldering bodies, the colors are not harmed.

There is a thin red ware, decorated with incised lines outside instead of painting inside. There are a few effigy bowls, made in the shape of birds, and painted to heighten the resemblance. There are vessels with the very rare concave bottoms. There are bowls with flanged rims. Not in any of these do we find the crudity of ancient art. They are fine and true, and are done with such sureness of touch that we marvel.

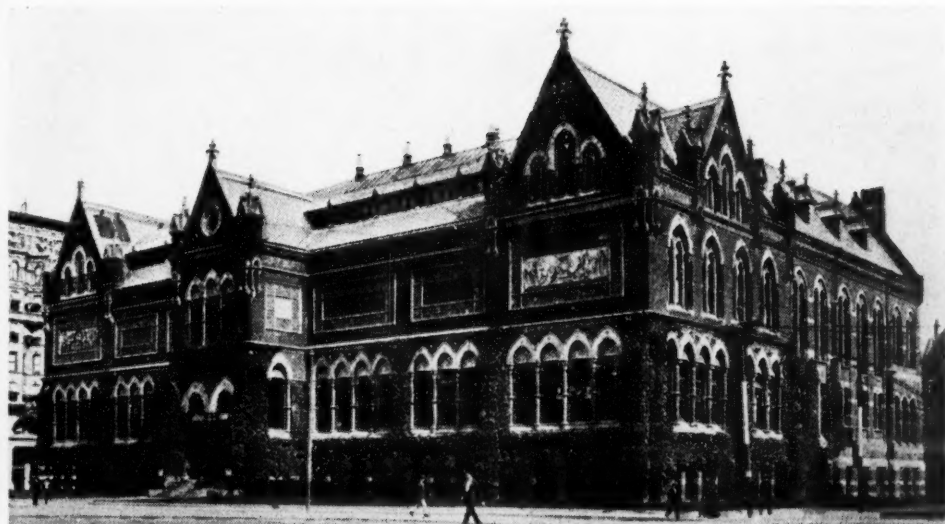
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ALL SOULS UNITARIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

Courtesy, Office of All Souls Church.

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Courtesy, Tallmadge, "Story of Architecture in America".

OLD BOSTON ART MUSEUM, COPLEY SQUARE.

## WHAT PRICE PROGRESS?

By WILLIAM SENER RUSK

CIVILIZATION by grace of King Racket may have its advantages. There are those who say it has. It is at least arguable, however, whether my accumulation of Wealth at the expense of your Value is justifiable; and it is, I believe, clearly demonstrable in fields of activity whose development is controlled by rackets that adolescence is confused and senescence inharmonious. A search for an illustration of wasteful adolescence need go no further than the outskirts of any Zenith City in the land; of unreasonable senescence, no further than the regions in every large city where business is replacing residence. In the latter case Wealth is based on land costs; Value merely on aesthetic proprieties; and when Real Estate is Crown Prince, the proprieties receive scant hearing. We are told, it is true, that our buildings are mere tools, to be re-

placed whenever they fail to function at maximum efficiency—otherwise, the Path of Progress is blocked. With the discarded buildings of several of our older cities as exhibits, I would consider what price we are paying for keeping this Path of Progress clear and whether the efficiency we gain thereby is based on Value or only on Wealth.

In 1869 various public institutions in Boston pooled their art collections, completed or in progress, secured a site on Copley Square hitherto occupied by a wooden Coliseum, and erected in the initial section of a Museum of Fine Arts. The quadrangle was completed by 1888, Sturgis and Brigham being the architects. Twenty years later the new science of museology and the need for radically expanded quarters led to the erection of the present structure on Huntington avenue and the removal of the collections thereto.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The building thus vacated lingered for a time as a center for occasional exhibits, but presently gave way to the Copley-Plaza Hotel. It is generally agreed that the masterpiece of Victorian Gothic in America thus disappeared.

Brick and terra-cotta in combination with

adapted to other uses, as it was the resulting permanent loss of unity in Copley Square. The Public Library would have been the one structure in its color and its forms of another style—a not unpleasing contrast to the rest of the environment. Let us circle the Square as it might have been, imagining its triangu-



KANE HOUSE, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

*Courtesy, McKim, Mead and White.*

stone were the materials employed. Gothic forms predominated, modified by a degree of functionalism, and expressed with fine decorative sense in the striping of the materials, the grouping of the openings, and the pictorial paneling of the upper facade.

But I believe the price paid was not so much the loss of a single building, which might readily, one would suppose, have been

larity changed to rectangularity as so often urged. To the east would stand Trinity Church, Richardson's masterpiece of Romanesque architecture. At the angle would be the Westminster Hotel in French Renaissance (transitional from mediaeval to Renaissance forms). On the south the Museum of Fine Arts in Victorian Gothic. At the angle the S. S. Pierce Building in German



*Courtesy, McKim, Mead and White.*

MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



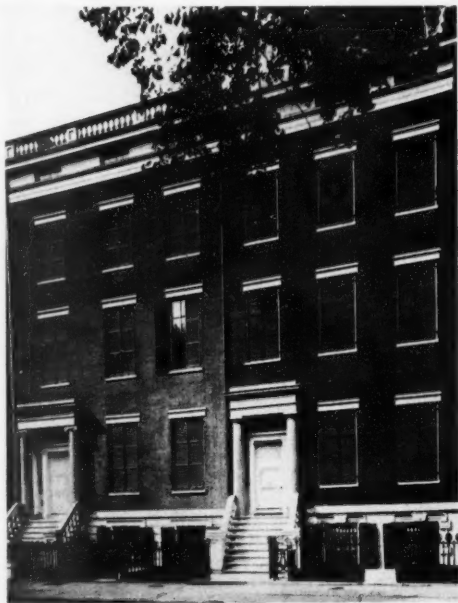
*Courtesy, Architectural Record.*

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK CITY.

Renaissance—with its stepped gables more mediaeval in expression than Renaissance. To the west would be McKim's masterpiece in a modified Italian Renaissance style. At the angle the tower and mosaics and oriental domes of the new Old South Church, called North Italian Gothic in the handbooks. To the north, a row of shops beginning and ending in mediaevalism, though between, the stores have increasingly taken the cue from the colorless Renaissance style of the Copley-Plaza and classic motives predominate with irritating individuality. At one time not only the buildings facing the Square but for the most part those on avenues leading to it were consistently mediaeval in derivation, with the Library as a contrasting climax. Even the "Tech" buildings were not unrelated in mass and color, their orders notwith-

standing. This unity is now gone. The Hotel Brunswick naturally enough wearies of its unfashionable dress, and announces a New England shore dinner in the Egyptian Room, while a glistening white Tuscan front leads to its Coffee Shoppe, in silent criticism of its brick and brown stone Gothic superstructure. The unity and alluring vistas of a Gothic square—derivative and delightfully reminiscent of America's adolescence—is gone, and modernism is appearing to add further confusion to what was once a fine architectural ensemble.

Where shall one begin in New York to note the recurring waves of destruction? Madison Square Garden, the old Waldorf-Astoria, the Vanderbilt mansions—their demolition has been loudly acclaimed. Yet the end is by no means in sight. Washington Square North has received its death warrant; the western row falls this autumn, and



*Courtesy, The Trustees of the Sailors' Snug Harbor.*

6 AND 7 WASHINGTON SQUARE, NORTH, NEW YORK CITY.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

the eastern row is said to await only the termination of leases in 1936 to witness the arrival of steam shovels. Gramercy Park is almost gone. The old Tilden House lingers

of the Herald Building, attached to a totally uninteresting skyscraper, illustrates the lack of imagination of the newcomers as well as their carelessness of their legacy from the



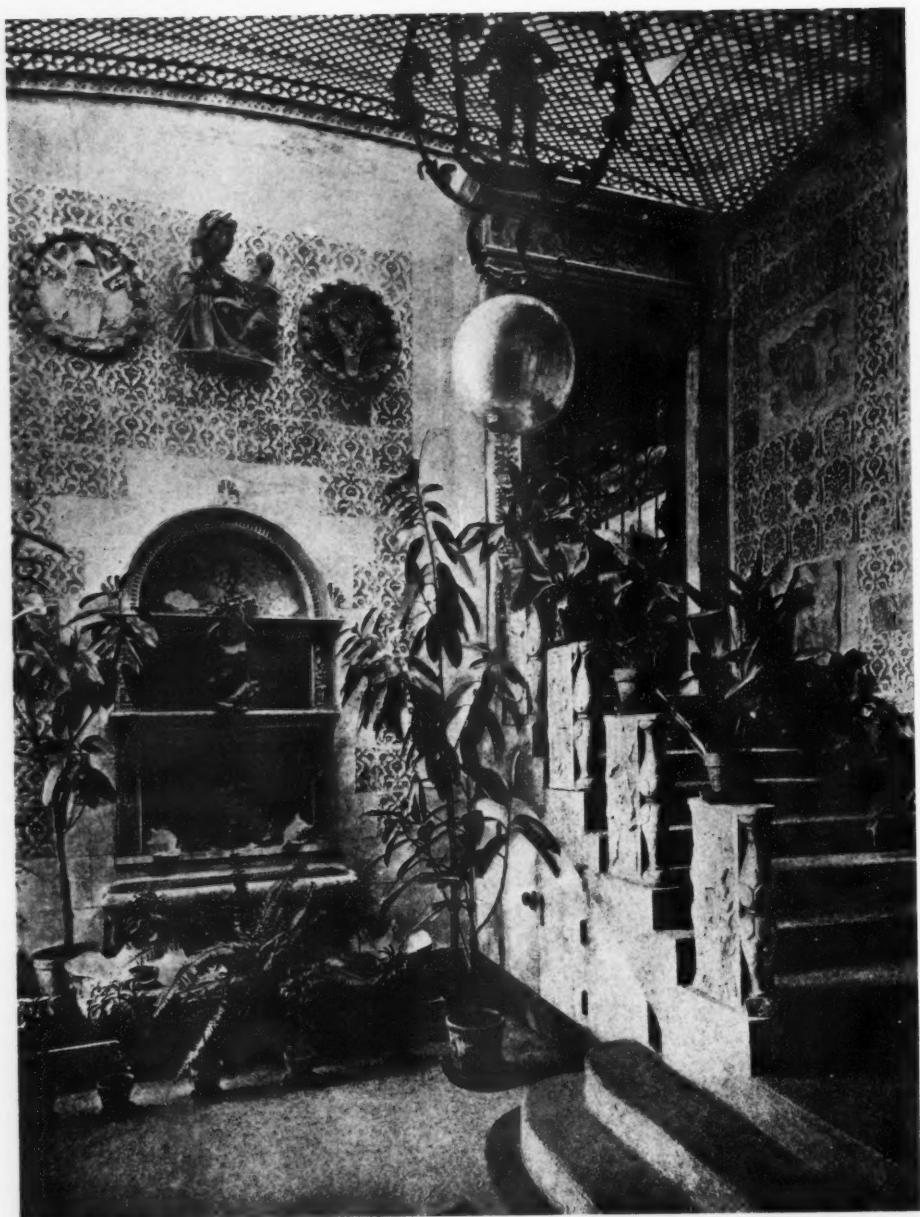
*Courtesy, McKim, Mead and White.*

STANFORD WHITE HOUSE, GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK CITY.

as the home of the National Arts Club; the Players clubhouse with its Edwin Booth Room, one or two grilled facades, and the past has vanished between the towers of apartment hotels. Even the Stanford White House, later the home of the Princeton Club, has yielded to a newcomer. The Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the All Souls Unitarian Church, and St. John's Chapel of Trinity Church have all paid the price. Toward the center of town the front bay or two

past. Uptown the Kane House and the Gerry House continue to make clear the obvious. Some few of the superseding structures repay their owners with a new and strange beauty, but the majority with a currency recognized only at the cages of tellers in banks.

Let us call the roll more slowly. An anonymous writer in Putnam's Magazine for 1854 says: "Twenty years ago, the houses in Waverly Place, forming the north

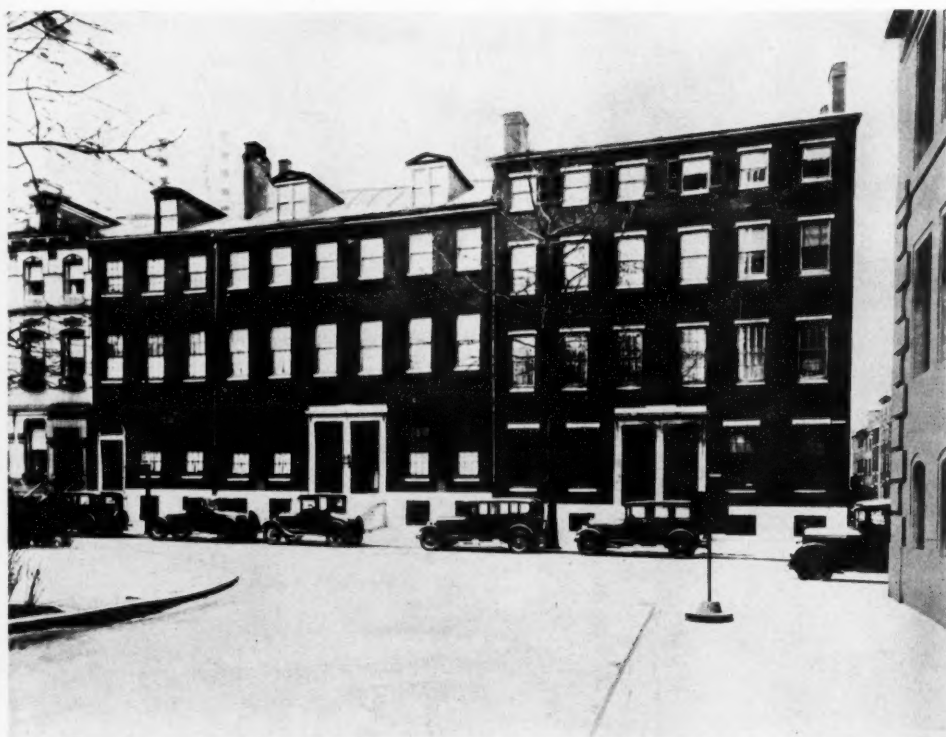


*Courtesy, McKim, Mead and White.*

INTERIOR, STANFORD WHITE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

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*Courtesy, Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania.*

237-247 SOUTH 18TH STREET, RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

side of Washington Square, were among the finest private dwellings in New York". He finds, however, too violent a contrast of color in the red brick, the white marble, and the green blinds. In 1892 the writer in *King's Handbook* tells of the losing battle: "New York society . . . has made a sturdy stand for two generations in Washington Square". The Rhinelander Estate now controls the western half of the north side, and Sailors' Snug Harbor the eastern half, the classic example of Greek Revival architecture in New York. There is only one rebuilt facade in this latter group. The rest are as tastefully reposed as in their hey-day of fashion. Occasionally a window light has been altered, perhaps, but the marble porti-

coes, the iron-work, the honeysuckle designs, and the fences with their fretted bases bespeak the refinement of Early Republic culture. The corner house—No. 12—is especially worthy of note. Larger in size, the wooden balustrade and the more elaborate cornice suitably suggest its terminal character. The former Gothic building of New York University on the eastern side of the Square and the Judson Memorial tower on the south suggest what might have been kept as a group of impressive designs about the Washington Arch, if anyone had taken thought in time. There is little evidence in the current building about the Square that the architects know what unity is.

Gramercy Park celebrated its centennial

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

this spring with a garden party marked by the reappearance of characters of long ago, and by a loan exhibition in the National Arts Club of portraits, costumes, and historical curios. When Samuel Ruggles laid out the site in 1831 with forty-two lots for a privately owned park, and sixty-six lots for the surrounding residences, he made the wise

In New York St. John's Chapel recalled the type, James Gibbs' St. Martin's-in-the-Fields being the immediate inspiration. It dated from 1807, with John and Isaac McComb as its architects. The rear of the structure was rebuilt by the Upjohn firm in 1857. The Corinthian portico and the superposed orders of the slender spire, and on the inside the



*Courtesy, Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania.*

DR. PHYSICK HOUSE, RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

proviso that no house should be less than three stories in height. There was apparently never such charming unity of design in the residences here as in Waverly Place, but the interior of at least one of them, the Stanford White House, initiated an era in the decorative art of America.

We are told that Wren churches are unlikely survivors in twentieth century London.

simple barrel vault, the galleries on three sides of the auditorium, and the Corinthian colonnades provided a worthy reminder of the ways of our fathers—worthy, one would have supposed, of preservation. Yet it has been a mere memory for nearly twenty years, St. John's Park having long predeceased it.

In lower Fourth Avenue All Souls has succumbed to the wrecker, a recent friendly fire

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

having no more than aided him. The building dated from 1855, a creation of J. Wray Mould, who designed a structure of a Greek cross plan and with a tower of the latter Byzantine mode. Brick and Caen stone were striped horizontally around the exterior. Inside the absence of pillars, and such memo-

buildings. Portico, attic, low dome, and cupola provided a lesson in scale and color never learned too often by any generation of architects.

At the juncture of Broadway and Sixth avenue a triangular plot of land was improved by the erection of the New York



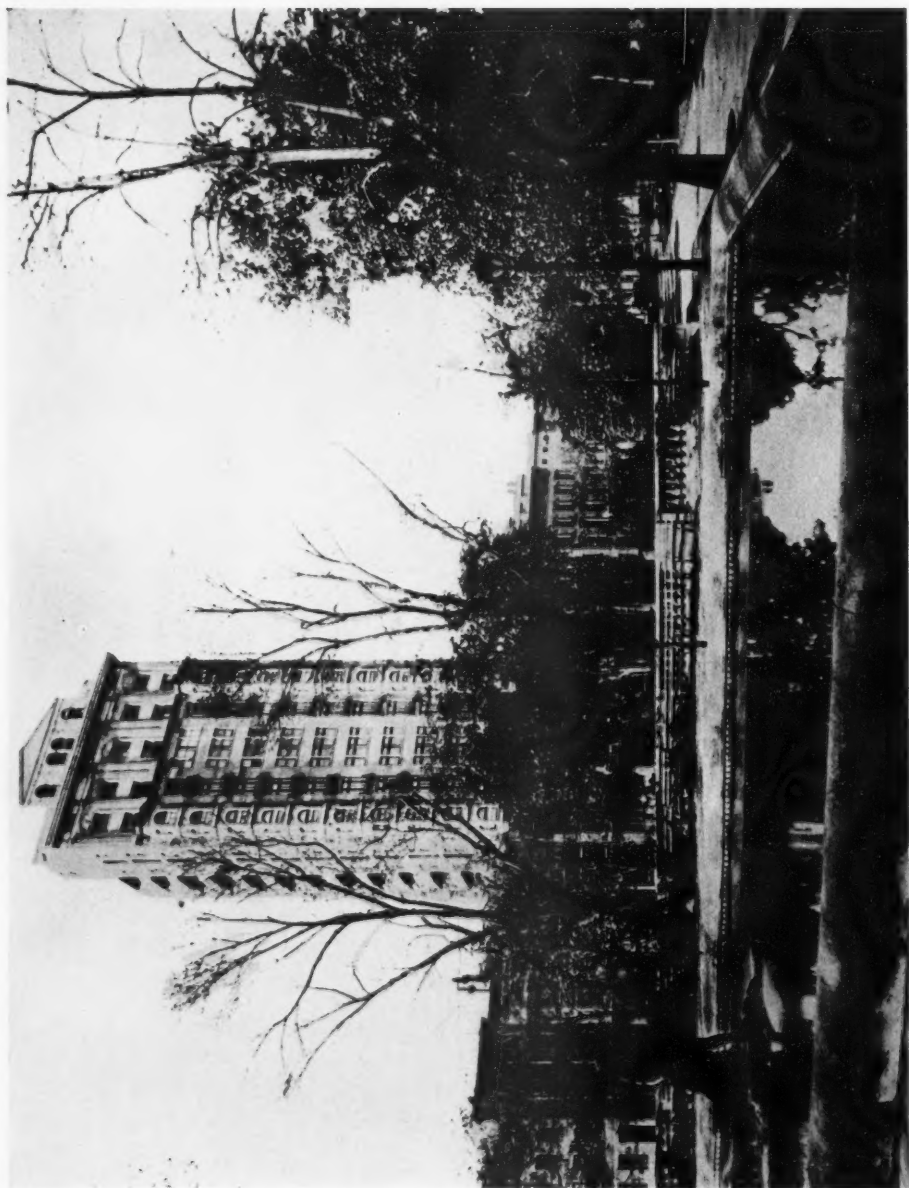
*Courtesy, Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania.*

WEIGHTMAN HOUSE, RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

rials as St. Gaudens' *Dr. Bellows* created a setting not easily forgotten.

Madison Square Church was McKim, Mead and White's masterpiece in ecclesiastical architecture. It was so perfectly proportioned and designed with such assurance that it was rather unique among derivative structures on this side of the Atlantic. In their hands the Pantheon was no interloper, set though it came to be among tall office

Herald Building in 1894. Again McKim, Mead and White were the architects. The Palazzo del Consiglio at Verona was the point of departure. The open arcading of the first story, surmounted by arcaded lights and decorative panels on the second, promised to provide a landmark of long duration. The fragment which still remains is worse than none at all. It is better to destroy a work of art than to mutilate it.



*Courtesy, Geological Society of Pennsylvania.*

THE OLD AND THE NEW, RITTENHOUSE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

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## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

The revised designs for Radio City are now before the public. With sunken plazas, terraces, bold staggering of masses, and roof gardens they are dazzling and surely worthy of execution. The pity of it is that such a house as that of John Innes Kane—McKim, Mead and White, architects—stood in the way. A glance is enough to show why such a design, not yet twenty-five years old, became the architects' favorite. Conservatism, refinement, dignity are all in character and all adequately expressed. Our tourists cross the ocean to see the Florentine palaces. Here at home we tear them down to try something new.

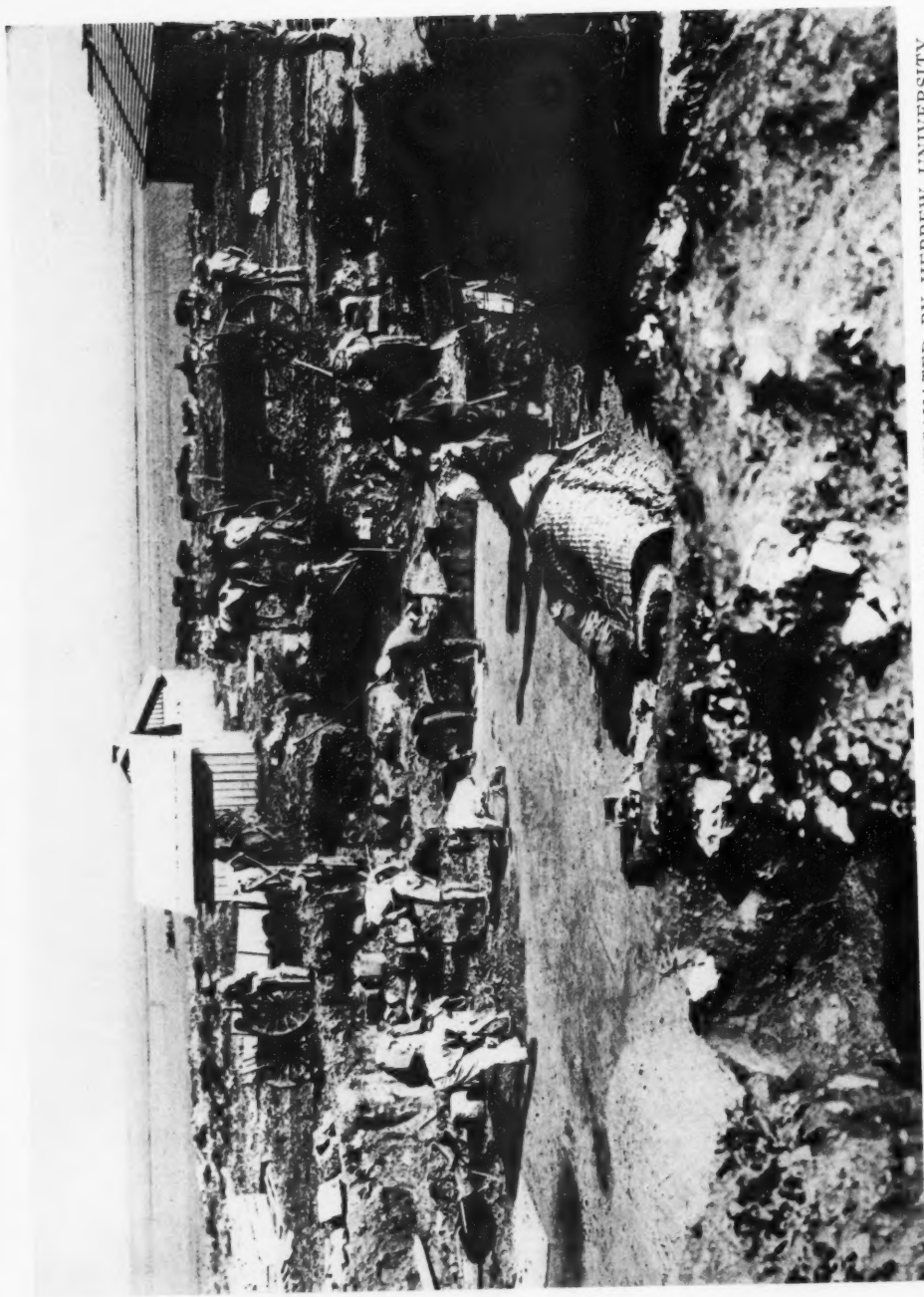
And on upper Fifth avenue whole blocks of palaces have gone since a court ruling allowed tall buildings to face Central Park. Hunt's memory of French chateaux was expressed with charm and precision in the Gerry House, to name one example. Exotic, and even archaeological, if you like, but beautiful, a whole chapter of American architecture could be written around it. A people do not wisely ignore their own past—even a recent and slightly awkward past.

In Philadelphia the plight of Rittenhouse Square is as pitiful as it is typical. Rittenhouse was one of the five squares laid out by Penn. In 1816 the center of the area was fenced in on a loan to the city by the residents, while an iron railing gave added dignity and security during the second generation of its existence. Now statuary and elaborate planting make it a spot of recreation and delight in the midst of a great metropolis. Flower markets and an outdoor sculpture exhibit have marked its later career. The student soon concludes that from the earliest of the recently demolished houses, dating about 1830, to the present parking spaces and apartment towers, there was never much architectural unity to the surrounding houses, save such as came from similar mass and function. Some were of brick, some of

brown sandstone, some of marble. The styles used traced the history of American taste through most of the past century. The Early Republic houses which preceded their now equally discomfited successors are known to us only from engravings. Nearly some restorations have been carried out, notably in Camac street, and so the hand of destruction has been staid. But Rittenhouse Square is gone. One can only hope for its early reconstruction in terms of skyscrapers. Our illustrations indicate the character of the losses. The William Weightman house was razed in 1929, and the space devoted to parking. The Doctor Physick house, dating from about 1830, was demolished in 1925. A row of unusual charm on 18th street and dating from before the Civil War still shows the Greek Revival in its later phases when it was freely adapted to the needs of city houses, without losing its refinement of proportion. Not one of the new tower apartments gives evidence of the architectural skill which designed these houses of the past.

This is the price being paid for progress. It might be urged that the price is unavoidable, if now and then one did not come across a region or a street or a house where old age has been respected and where the claims of both wealth and value have been reasonably considered. The restored blocks of Boston houses stretching from the State House to Kenwood and beyond and providing a riverside prospect unequalled in America come to mind; the block or more on Delaware avenue in Buffalo where new shops are graciously integrated with older residential facades; the bank building on Capitol Hill in Albany where the older structure becomes the central motif of the present skyscraper. When a people learn to estimate properly, they are not likely to exchange Value for Wealth until all the elements involved have been duly considered.





SITE OF THE FIRST DATED SYNAGOGUE EVER FOUND IN PALESTINE, EXCAVATED BY HEBREW UNIVERSITY  
ARCHAEOLOGISTS IN THE BETH ALPHA EXPEDITION.

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# DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT SYNAGOGUE

By E. L. SUKENIK

*Field Archaeologist, Hebrew University, Jerusalem*

"NOTHING in this world is lost." The truth of this adage was brought home to the present writer on a night towards the end of December, 1928, when he found a settler of Beth Alpha waiting for him at his house. Beth Alpha is a young post-war settlement at the foot of the Gilboa mountains, in the Valley of Jezreel, frequently visited by me in the course of investigations carried out on behalf of the University. When spending the night there one had generally to be prepared to lecture to these young people, all of them keenly interested in archaeology. Nor was I loath to oblige so responsive an audience. One of my lectures dealt with "Ancient Jewish Synagogues", which are found fairly frequently in Palestine and which, notwithstanding pretty extensive research in this sphere, still call for systematic investigation. One of the tasks incumbent upon the Archaeological Department of our University is to complete this important piece of work. I clearly remember that in this particular lecture I dealt with the discovery of a synagogue in the vicinity of Jericho, brought to the light of day by a Turkish bomb. I also showed an illustration of it. The synagogue in question stood out from those hitherto discovered through the mosaic floor, on which were found the remains of pictures of the Zodiac, a scene depicting Daniel in the lions' den and other pictorial representations. Unfortunately, all these pictures were considerably mutilated, a fact accounted for by the iconoclastic tendencies of the Jews themselves. Difference of opinion prevailed with regard to the period to which this synagogue belonged. The scholars fought among themselves; some went so far as to ascribe it to a

time prior to the destruction of the Temple, others to the II<sup>d</sup> and III<sup>d</sup> century A. D.

My astonishment can be imagined when my visitor, at my entrance, uttered the excited words: "A synagogue with a mosaic floor has been discovered at our place."

"Where and when?" In my impatience to learn more about this astounding tale my questions literally tumbled out.

"In the farmyard of the settlement", was the terse reply. Then followed a brief narrative, from which I gathered that in digging a trench for an irrigation installation, the settlers of Beth Alpha had stumbled upon a narrow strip of mosaic. After cleaning it—which, out of curiosity, they did themselves—parts of two signs of the Zodiac with Hebrew inscriptions above became visible. My young archaeologists from Beth Alpha surmised at once that, all by themselves, they had come upon an ancient synagogue. As we shall see subsequently, they were not far out. At all events they stopped their digging immediately and the Council of the Settlement decided to send one of its members to the Hebrew University and, in accordance with the law, to the Department of Antiquities, to acquaint the authorities with the valuable discovery of which they felt immensely proud. The message was accompanied by the request that we proceed with the excavation of the synagogue as speedily as possible, since they wanted to continue the digging of the irrigation channel which, in the warm climate of the Valley of Jezreel, was needed already in February. But I could not decide anything by myself. Archaeological excavations are largely a matter of money, failing which they often come to naught. At that particular time I was participating in ex-



INTERIOR OF THE SYNAGOGUE FOUND IN COLONY OF BETH ALPHA, SHOWING MOSAIC PAVEMENT WITH SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

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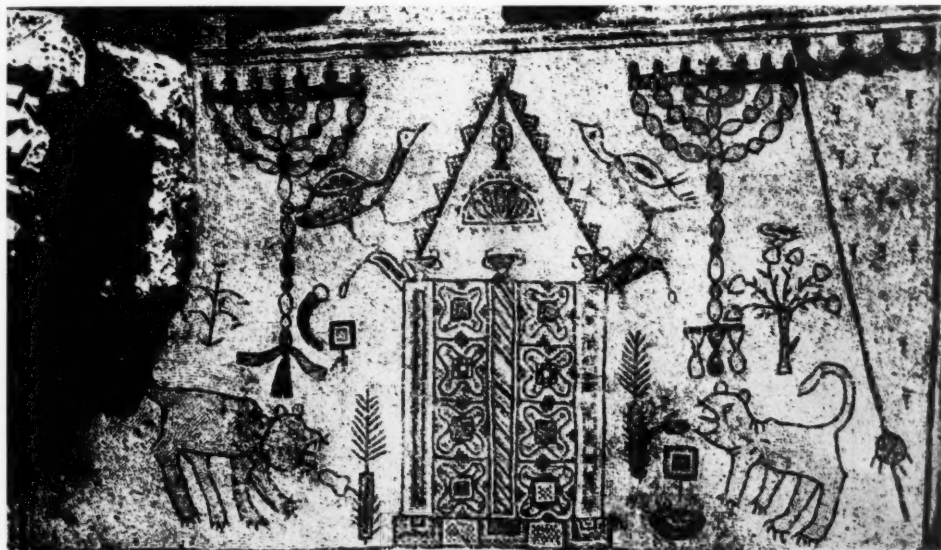
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## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

cavations in the old city of David, at the kind invitation of the Palestine Exploration Fund, so that I could not call on the Chancellor of the University first thing in the morning. I therefore decided to go and see him at this relatively late hour of the night. Dr. Magnes was distinctly surprised, not to say apprehensive, since he thought something untoward might have occurred. But this gave place to joy when he learned the

these and other discomforts were offset by the joy we experienced in the work and the keen interest manifested by the settlers of Beth Alpha, the neighborhood and the whole of the Jewish population of Palestine. But the greatest satisfaction of all was the highly interesting finds.

The area we laid bare consisted of a court measuring approximately 10 x 12 m., a vestibule 2.60 m. wide, a synagogue, 10.50 x 12



MOSAIC REPRESENTING THE ARK, SHOWING THE MENORAH, THE PERPETUAL LIGHT, AND OTHER CEREMONIAL OBJECTS USED IN SYNAGOGUE WORSHIP—SIXTH CENTURY A. D.

nature of my errand. Thanks solely to his keen interest in Jewish antiquities the matter was at once taken in hand.

The next morning the University applied to the Department of Antiquities for permission to excavate, an application which was promptly granted. On January 9, 1929, the small expedition sent out by the University was on the spot. Seven weeks were spent over the excavations and the work was not always easy. Violent rainstorms swept over Palestine that winter. Occasionally they cut us off from the world at large. But

m., with an adjoining chamber the size of which could not be ascertained. The synagogue was of the usual form, that of a basilica. Its space is divided into three naves by two rows of six pillars each; a wider central nave and two narrower side aisles. In common with the other ancient synagogues it faces towards Jerusalem, in this case therefore, in a southerly direction. An extraordinary feature of the southern wall from the architectural point of view is a round apse designed to hold the Ark of the Law. And there is another peculiarity. While the three





GREEK INSCRIPTION NAMING TWO CRAFTSMEN WHO MADE THE MOSAIC FLOOR IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT BETH ALPHA. MARIANOS AND HIS SON HANINAH MADE THIS FLOOR IN THE SIXTH CENTURY OF THE COMMON ERA.

entrances of the previously discovered synagogues were invariably on the orientation side, the entrances of this synagogue were opposite the wall facing Jerusalem. This is accounted for by the fact that otherwise no room could have been found for the Ark of the Law. Along the walls the customary stone benches had been placed. A singular feature of the synagogue is also the bema found at the eastern row of pillars in the southern part of the synagogue near the apse. These peculiar architectural features alone prove the importance of the find, since they indicate a new phase of development in the internal arrangement of synagogues.

Still more interesting is the mosaic floor, which is in an excellent state of preservation. This is due to the way in which the synagogue met its fate. There is clear evidence that it happened through an earthquake. The first tremors so agitated walls, ceiling and pillars that the thick plaster tumbled down and formed a protective covering for the mosaic, enabling it to withstand the force of the crashing walls and the weight of the

stones. The whole synagogue site is laid out with mosaic. While the main section merely has ordinary geometrical patterns in a few colors, the floor of the central nave, as well as that of the western aisle, shows interesting images. The mosaic of the central nave is divided into three large fields. The centre of the southern section shows an Ark of the Law with a folding door crowned by a gabled roof, from the top of which is suspended a lighted lamp most likely representing the ever-burning lamp. Two large ostrich-like birds stand on the base of the gabled roof. To the right and left of the Ark, there are a seven-branched candlestick and various other ritual objects, such as the large trumpet, the palm branch, the citrus fruit, etc. Two lions at the sides of the field form a guard of honor. In the top corners of the field are seen two curtains loosely gathered.

The large central field is occupied by the signs of the Zodiac. In the middle the rising sun is seen in the form of a youth with a halo round his head, sitting in a carriage drawn

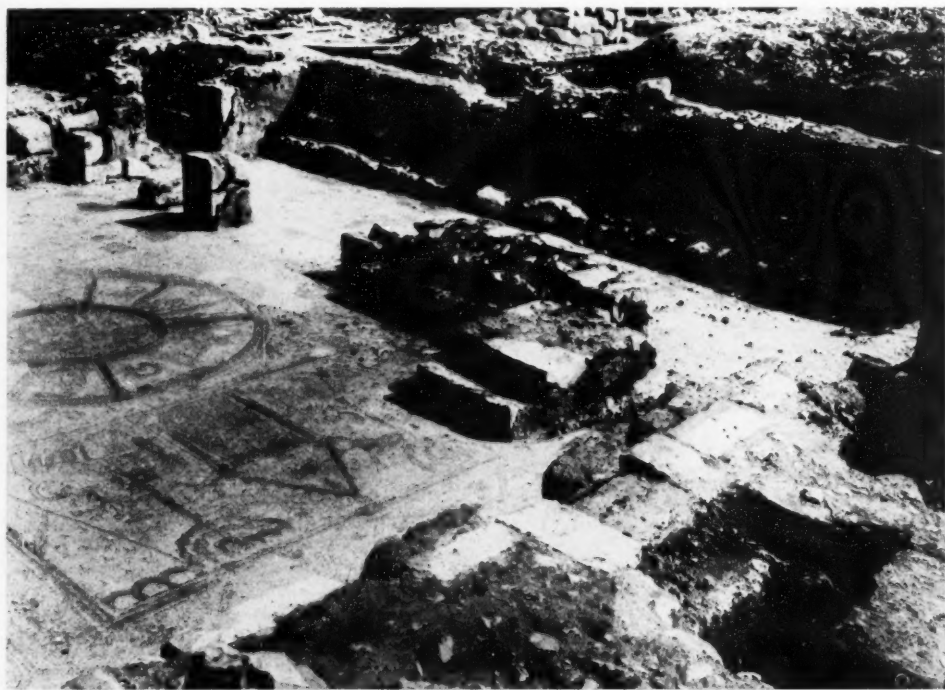


## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

by four horses. From the dark background meant to symbolize retreating night, a half-moon and stars are gleaming, supplanted, so to say, by the rising sun. Around the sun revolve the twelve signs of the Zodiac, above each of which is a Hebrew inscription. The four corners of the field show the seasons as winged genii with head and neck ornaments. Near the seasons are placed various symbolic objects, such as shepherds' wands, fruits, etc., helping to determine the character of the periods. Moreover, they, too, bear Hebrew inscriptions.

A wide strip with palms in red and black divides this field from the next, which shows the sacrifice of Isaac. To the left two youths hold a saddled donkey. Next to it is a ram tied to a bush. In order to dispel any doubt regarding this animal a short quotation from

the Bible, "Behold, behind him a ram," has been placed above it. A tall man with a grey beard, named in a description above his head as Abraham, holds in his right hand a large sacrificial knife, while with the left he lifts up little Isaac, who is clad in a shirt only. The inscription above the head of the child also proves his identity. At the extreme right stands the altar, its blazing flames rising to Heaven. Everything is ready for the sacrifice. But fate willed otherwise with the son of Abraham. A hand is stretched out from among the dark clouds, and another quotation from the Bible—"Lay not thy hand upon the lad"—warns Abraham against the decisive act. The hand is meant to symbolize God's intervention in the sacrifice of Isaac. Abraham has heard the voice of God, as evi-



THE PLATFORM FOR THE ARK (CALLED BIMAH) IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT BETH ALPHA, WHICH WAS DISCOVERED TO HAVE BEEN INSERTED AT A LATER DATE THAN THE OTHER PORTIONS OF THE SYNAGOGUE.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

denced by his gaze being turned towards the hand.

All three fields are surrounded by a wide border formed of fruits, birds and animals. The ornamentations of the western side aisle consist, in the main, of carpet and chess-board designs. Among the carpets the one at the entrance to the adjoining chamber, approximately 2 m. long and 1.50 m. wide, stands out on account of the extremely delicate colors.

The style of the images alone would have served to determine the approximate period of the mosaic floor. But we were doubly fortunate in discovering, shortly before the end of our excavations, two inscriptions at the entrance to the central aisle, one in Greek, the other in Aramaic, one of which was dated. The Greek inscription relates that two Jews, father and son, named Marianos and Haninah, made this mosaic. The Aramaic inscription, though unfortunately partly spoiled, still retains that part which says that the mosaic floor was laid down in the year . . . (the number is destroyed) of the reign of the Emperor Justinus. There is good reason to assume that Justinus I is meant, so the mosaic would be attributable to the first quarter of the VIth century A. D. Other interesting details can be gathered from this inscription. Mention is made, for instance, of 100 measures of wheat donated by the Jewish farmers of the place as their contri-

bution towards the costs of the mosaic. From the remaining fragments it was still possible to learn that a rich family had given a certain sum of money for the same purpose. The dated inscription merely refers to the mosaic floor. Nothing is said concerning the date of the synagogue. But a find of thirty-six coins discovered in a built-in receptacle in the platform of the apse proves that the synagogue was built as early as the Vth century A. D. This important find provides a basis for the dating of a number of older finds concerning which scholars had not been able to agree.

We are indebted to the Temple Emanuel Congregation of New York, through the kind offices of their late President, Mr. Louis Marshall, for the means of carrying through the excavation, as well as for those needed for the publication of a monograph on this interesting find. The funds put at our disposal covered almost completely the cost of producing a number of colored and plain plates, plans, reconstructions and other pictorial material serving to illustrate the text of the monograph. The book will be published this year in Hebrew and English by the Hebrew University Press Association, Jerusalem, and is sure to arouse the lively interest of all friends of Palestine, inasmuch as this ancient synagogue of Beth Alpha is a unique monument of the Jewish people.

### FLORENCE

*Fair slender city, I would understand  
And see through your confusion and your noise  
The glories of your early Renaissance  
The truth in symbols that are now but toys.  
I would search through you, pleading for the grace  
That was Beatrice's and made Dante pure,  
'Till with your secret safe within my heart  
I could live strongly, eager to endure.*

KATHARINE STANLEY-BROWN.



THE LIMESTONE LINTEL FROM AN OLD EMPIRE MAYA TEMPLE DATING BACK TO ABOUT 757 A. D., AND DISCOVERED AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS, GUATEMALA, IN 1931 BY THE ELDREDGE R. JOHNSON EXPEDITION OF THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, DR. J. ALDEN MASON, FIELD DIRECTOR.

## TWO SCULPTURES OF THE MAYA OLD EMPIRE

By E. BIOREN GETZE

*Photographs by Courtesy of the University of Pennsylvania Museum*

THE extraordinary culture developed by the Mayas in Central America and Yucatan, during approximately the first thousand years of the Christian era, evolved a notable sculptural art, the importance of which becomes increasingly evident as examples of it become more generally known and as further outstanding examples are brought to light by the various expeditions in the field of Middle American archaeology. The Maya sculptures were principally embodied in the architecture of nearly all buildings, either as interior decorations, facade decorations, or supplementary monuments. Sculpture is, of course, to be found in small indi-

vidual objects and in connection with the minor arts, but it is the massive art so constantly employed by the Maya architect that developed into a great and coherent expression of beauty, with religious symbolism as its moving force.

Design at its highest is embodied in Maya sculpture. Composition is achieved by subtle methods; an apparent superabundance of detail frequently resolves itself into an orderly presentation upon our increased understanding of the subject matter, for it must be remembered that much of the meticulous elaboration was due to the importance of symbolism to every Maya; furthermore, the

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extensive use of color helped to make of the details an understandable and consistent whole. Perspective was not subject to the distortions found in the art of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia; purity of line in front view and in profile, and a more than adequate approximation of the three-quarters view characterised the work of the Maya sculptor. He was, however, apparently largely restricted to representations in relief, for there are but very few important examples so far known of Maya sculpture in the full round.

It is of the best of these examples that I wish to speak first. It is to be found on a limestone door-lintel discovered at Piedras Negras, Guatemala, in the spring of 1931 by the Eldredge R. Johnson Expedition of the University Museum, Philadelphia. One of the great cities of the so-called Maya Old Empire, Piedras Negras, has not long been known, having been discovered by Teobert Maler, who in 1895 and 1899 undertook a comprehensive investigation of the site. He was able to make a more or less accurate plan of the buildings and monuments, and to photograph or sketch almost all of the principal sculptures. The lintel in question, which is one of three, or possibly more, over the doorways of the principal temple, was not found by Maler, although he discovered two and surmised the existence of this third. The University Museum Expedition last year made a special search for it and their efforts were rewarded by the finding of three fragments which, fitted together, comprised practically the entire stone.

The lintel measures forty-nine by twenty-four inches and is five and a half inches thick. It is carved, as are all the sculptures of Piedras Negras, of a buff-colored limestone which is soft and easily cut when wet; the maximum depth of the relief is one inch and a half. The sculpture occupies almost the entire face, and all authorities who have seen it consider that this is the finest known specimen of Maya art in stone.



STELA 12, PIEDRAS NEGRAS.

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DRAWING BY M. LOUISE BAKER OF STELA 12. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM.

The central scene, in high relief, framed in margins of hieroglyphs, consists of three groups of human figures and probably depicts an aboriginal ceremony. In the center a figure, probably a chief or the personification of a deity, kneels upon a rectangular altar, upon the edge of which he rests a delicately carved hand; the right arm, now missing, was probably raised. The textile designs on his ornamental breech-cloth are perfectly portrayed and the swirl of his great plumed headdress is magnificently done. Behind him is a spotted jaguar robe and in the background are ornamental designs. The tasseled fringe of the altar is carefully shown. The group to the right probably consisted of four figures, two adults and two children. Their poses are most naturalistic, the feet being especially well carved, two of them in full round, the others in high relief. The extended arm of the figure to the right is also undercut. To the left is seen a group of three standing figures in very high relief. The postures here again are most naturalistic, the hands crossed over the breast being the Maya gesture of reverence. Below the altar is a row of seven seated figures. The hands, feet and even the fingernails are well portrayed. One of the figures is holding his foot; most of the others hold jars, fans, or other unidentified objects. The ornamentation of their textile garments is delicately carved. Probably all originally had headdresses; that of the figure immediately in front of the altar is in the form of a long-billed bird. The heads of the figures in front of the altar are unfortunately gone, but were apparently carved in full round above the depression below the altar.

The hieroglyphs are carved both in cameo and intaglio. One hundred and fifty-eight glyphs are shown in fourteen groups. As in most long Maya inscriptions, the meanings of the majority of these are unknown. (The Maya hieroglyphs that have been deciphered are all calendrical, astronomical, or mathe-





THE WALL AND TERRACE OF THE RUINOUS PYRAMID NEAR WHICH STELA 12 WAS FOUND. MOST OF THE STRUCTURES AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS ARE IN VERY POOR CONDITION.

matical.) Among the glyphs on the lintel, six dates can be deciphered, all within a period of eight years. These dates are given to the exact day by a long count from a definite starting point; the precise correlation of Maya chronology with our own is still under dispute, but according to the correlation now most generally accepted, the latest date given on the lintel is December 2, 757.

The lintel is now in the University Museum, Philadelphia. There too, will shortly be installed the stela shown herewith. This was found by Maler in 1899 but was not removed by him. The Museum was granted permission by the Guatemalan government last year to add it to its collection as a loan. The difficulties of removing, even in sections, a stone weighing several tons from its jungle-like site, and by comparatively primitive methods, were very consid-

erable, as may be judged by the illustration. In passing, it may be stated that the remains of the buildings at Piedras Negras are in a very ruined condition—nothing like the comparatively well-preserved and now partially reconstructed Warriors' Temple at Chichen Itzá or the Governor's Palace and the House of the Dwarf at Uxmal is to be found here. The site has, however, been productive of much important archaeological material, quite aside from the archaeological importance and the purely artistic value of the lintels and the stelae.

The god occupying the upper part of the stela here discussed sits upon a kind of throne. His right hand holds a lance-like object; his left hand rests upon his left knee. He wears a carefully executed cape of scales or short feathers, and a necklace of small leaf-shaped plates; upon his breast is a hand-

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HANDLING ENORMOUSLY HEAVY AND BREAKABLE MASSES OF STONE IN JUNGLES WHERE THE APPARATUS IS NECESSARILY PRIMITIVE, IS A TASK WHICH STRAINS THE INVENTIVENESS, SKILL AND PATIENCE OF THE ARCHAEOLOGIST. HERE PART OF STELA 12 IS BEING CAREFULLY REMOVED FROM ITS SITE FOR TRANSPORTATION TO PHILADELPHIA AFTER ALMOST 1175 YEARS.

some cruciform medallion, which consists of a little bright-red figure holding a cross with both hands and standing on a triple pendant, while to the right and left of his shoulders a similar triple ornament completes the form of a cross. His helmet supports a great bird's head, from the fan-like crest of which large curved plumes proceed. The figure of the god, which was painted bright red, inclines graciously towards four priests, who are below him and are bringing up a number of captives for sacrifice. One of the priests

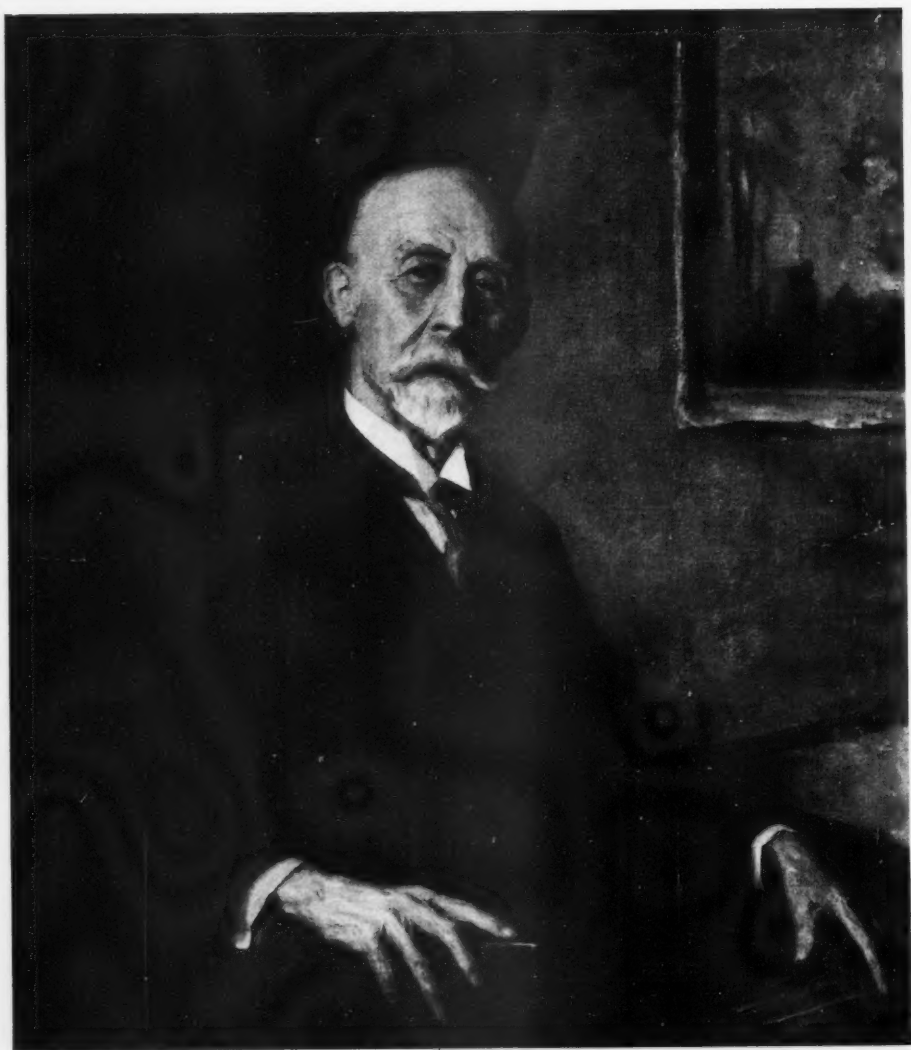
wears as a headdress a tiger's head with red claws and with bunches of feathers coming out of its mouth; the other wears a peculiar pointed hat with a large round cushion on top, from which two feathers stand up.

On the lowest base line are six captives, bound together with ropes. Among them is an old man, with emaciated limbs, sadly casting his eyes on the ground. He holds a little, plaited box in his left hand. Close beside him is an ugly "savage" of that period, with a hairy face. Another captive holds up six slender sticks. In the middle, above the lowest group, there are two more figures, while two priests stand upon steps to the left and right. Upon a still higher step sits a man somewhat more adorned, perhaps a captive of high rank. Through the half-open lips of the captives can be seen their teeth, filed in irregular shape. All the captives have hieroglyphs incised on the breast or thigh or on the background in their immediate vicinity; there are likewise several delicate inscriptions on the throne. The total number of hieroglyphs is fifty-three. Except for bits of bright red, all colors on the stela have disappeared.

I am greatly indebted to Dr. J. Alden Mason, curator of the American Section of the University Museum and director of the Expedition to Piedras Negras, for much of the information regarding these two sculptures. The photograph of the stela and in part the description of it are from Maler's report in the *Memoirs of the Peabody Museum, Harvard*, volume II, number 1.

It should be a cause for no little satisfaction that the United States is able to add to the admirable collections of Maya art in its various museums these two notable examples of that branch of art which most completely represents the spirit and the culture of our ancient neighbors to the south.





THE DEAN OF AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGISTS: WILLIAM HENRY HOLMES.

PAINTED IN DR. HOLMES' OFFICE IN THE U. S. NATIONAL GALLERY, IN HIS EIGHTY-FIFTH YEAR, BY THE ENGLISH PORTRAIT PAINTER, E. HODGSON SMART, AND PRESENTED TO DR. HOLMES BY THE ARTIST.

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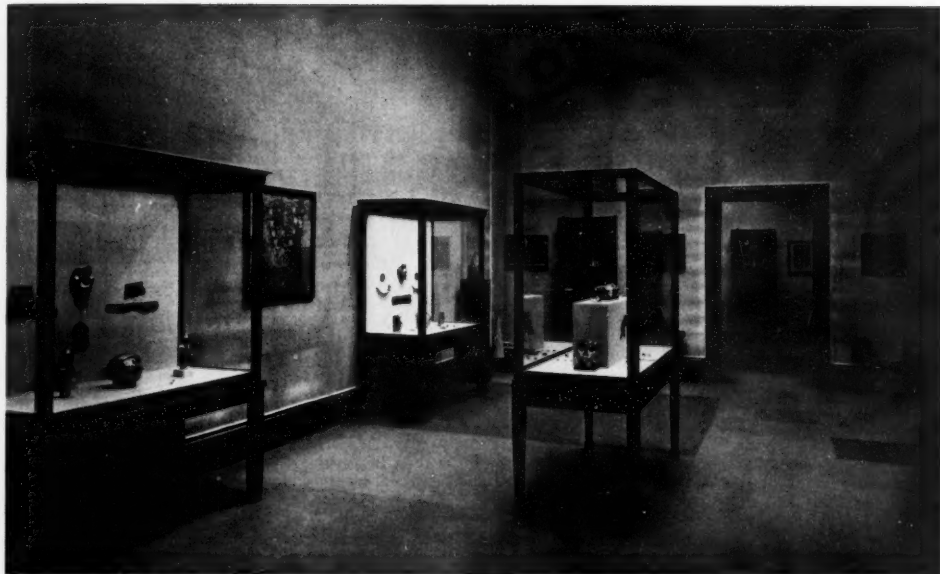


EXHIBIT OF OLD AMERICAN ART IN THE ACADEMY OF THE ARTS AT BERLIN, GERMANY. IN THE GLASS CASES ON THE LEFT, PIECES OF RAISED GOLD FROM COLOMBIA ARE SHOWN. IN THE CENTER CASE IS A JAGUAR IN MOSAIC.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

### MEXICAN AND CENTRAL AMERICAN ART IN BERLIN

The Academy of Arts in Berlin has just exhibited for the first time a carefully selected and very valuable collection of Mexican and Central American objects of art. The objects were chosen, with the aid of the Berlin Ibero-America Institute, by Dr. Walter Lehmann from the extensive collections of the ethnological museums in Berlin, Hamburg and Munich. Several private collectors have also loaned choice pieces, among them the family of the late Privy Councillor Gafron, a relative of Ambassador von Prittwitz-Gafron, Germany's representative in Washington.

Names new and equally difficult to remember or pronounce greet the visitor—Tlalizkoyan, Tzapotekish, Tiahuanaco, Pachacamac and others along the same line. But it is not necessary to know the names in order to enjoy the colored sculptures, paintings and textiles, the mosaics and ornaments the spade of the archaeologist has unearthed in Mexico and Central America. There are fantastic clay figures of gods and demons with fearful faces; remarkable vessels shaped like men and animals, mainly with three legs. One finds also ornamented vessels with an iridescent metallic coating. These date from early Mexican cultural periods, but the centuries to which they belong cannot be definitely established.

Many of the finds came from the ruins of Teotihuacan. To this period, also, a definite date cannot be as-

signed, but its culture experienced a renaissance between the VIIth and XIIIth centuries in the Neo-Toltec style. This is represented in this Berlin exhibition by finely painted clay vessels from Cholula; wonderful clay heads, splendidly executed and showing a notable mastery of portraiture; unique flat granite reliefs from Santa Lucia, in Guatemala; and wonderfully colored monumental frescoes from temples in Chichen



ORIGINAL, EXPRESSIVE FIGURE OF A DOG, OF REDDISH CLAY. FOUND IN COLIMA.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



TZAPOTEC BURIAL URN OF CLAY, IN THE SHAPE OF A KNEELING FIGURE, ON THREE-CORNERED SIMPLE-ORNAMENTED BASE.

Itzá, Yucatán. There are some Aztec sculptures in stone which in form, workmanship and expression could have been made yesterday. They include a toad, a hunchback and an old man in squatting posture.

In the halls given over to Mexico and Peru one finds, in addition to plastic works and pottery, textiles and many mosaics of feathers. There are even shirts and whole garments of bright feathers. They attract much wondering attention, and especially so since the mode of feathers is just now enjoying an unexpected revival. The artistic sense and feeling with which these ancient inhabitants of Mexico achieved harmonic color effects is astonishing. Particularly attractive is a feather mosaic of birds and jaguars on a yellow background, with serpentine border.

The jeweler's and goldsmith's art was highly developed among these ancient Americans. Their ornaments were mainly of gold, that gold which attracted adventurers from Europe and finally led to the extirpation of whole peoples and civilizations. One finds all kinds of animals formed into golden ornaments, and earrings, combs, boxes, bracelets, breastpins, drinking cups and various figures. Other valuable ornaments of gold, silver, jade and pearls are exhibited. There are several gold helmets and gold masks, uncovered quite undamaged, and, as a special curiosity, a human skull ornamented with plates of turquoise, calaite and mussel-shells embedded in hard pitch. H. P.

### ANOTHER OLD EMPIRE MAYA CITY DISCOVERED

During the month of April an expedition sent by the Carnegie Expedition of Washington visited the newly discovered Old Maya Empire city of Calakmul in the southern part of the State of Campeche, Mexico.

Notice of this site was first brought to the attention of the outside world by Mr. C. Longworth Lundell, a young Texan botanist, who visited it December 29 through 31, 1931. Mr. Lundell named the ruins Calakmul, meaning in Maya—*ca*, two, *lak*, close together and *mul* hills—"Two hills close together", because the two highest pyramids, each one hundred fifty feet in height, standing within two hundred yards of each other, covered with the dense tropical forest which has overgrown the entire site, closely resemble two heavily wooded hills.

Through a fortunate combination of circumstances Dr. J. C. Merriam, President of the Institution, and Mr. Frederic A. Delano, of the Board of Trustees, returned from Yucatán last February on the same steamer with Mr. James C. Brydon, local manager of the Mexican Exploitation Company, who informed them of Mr. Lundell's discovery.

Later Mr. Lundell visited the Institution's field quarters at Chichen Itzá, Yucatán, Mexico, and most generously placed his notes, photographs and sketch-map at the disposal of Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley, in charge of the Institution's archaeological investigations in northern Yucatán.

Dr. Morley organized an expedition to visit Calakmul which left Chichen Itzá on April 3. He was accompanied by Mrs. Morley, who took charge of the commissary, Mr. Karl Ruppert, archaeologist, Mr. John S. Bolles, architect and surveyor, and Mr. Gustav Stromsvik, engineer. The expedition was at Calakmul from April 9 to April 25 and returned to Chichen Itzá on May 1.

The newly discovered ancient city must have been of very considerable size, since the civic and religious center alone, the only part surveyed by the expedition, is a mile and a quarter long by half a mile wide.

A total of 103 stone monuments was discovered, twenty per cent more than found at any other center of the Maya civilization now known. At least 75 of these monuments are sculptured with figures of deities, rulers, or priests on their fronts and with columns of hieroglyphics on their sides. Fifty-one Initial Series were identified and the dates of forty-five of these monuments were deciphered. The city flourished during the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries of the Christian Era.

S. G. M.

### THE AJANTA FRESCOS

In the last issue of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY appeared an article by E. Rosenthal on the Ajanta Caves, describing their remarkable structure, decoration and carving. At that time the editor did not know that with the aid and under the special authority of His Exalted Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad, a work entitled *Ajanta: An Album of the Colour and Monochrome Reproductions of the Ajanta Frescoes, Based on Photography*, is now in process of publication by the Oxford University Press. The explanatory text has been prepared by Professor G. Yazdani, Director of Archaeology in the Nizam's Dominions, with an introductory essay by Laurence

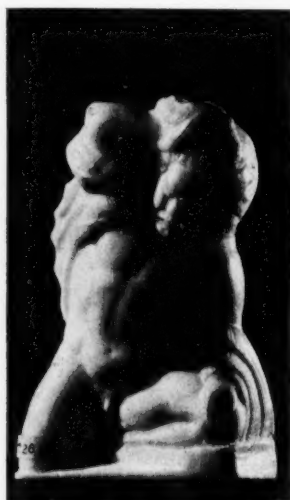


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Binyon of the British Museum. The work has been executed on a magnificent scale by men of the highest standing, and the publication itself has been so lavishly handled that the total effect is superb. The pre-publication price of each volume is sixty dollars, which will be raised to seventy-five after publication. Each plate measures 16 x 20 inches. Sixteen plates will be in color and 24 in monochrome. The color printing has been done by Henry Stone & Son, Ltd., of Banbury and London, while the letter-press is from the fonts of the Oxford University Press. There will be four parts to the Album, each uniform in size and bulk with the others, and the price quoted is for each part, not for the whole four. This unfortunately puts the work beyond the reach of most archaeologists and special students, especially in times like the present, but it also

Miss Avis Wright, it brings to the student of history and lover of allegory a sensation of keen joy. Her *Spring* is instinct with pagan suggestion, and her conception of the young Pan is indeed happy. Messrs. Proctor and Gamble are to be congratulated upon having from time to time thus brought forward studies which, however perishable the medium, amply prove that many of the oncoming artists really do know their classics and have a love for the fine and not too common things of life that redeem the rest of it for the thoughtful.

The two other sculptures shown here are *Ifigenia Offering Herself for Sacrifice* (a classicist might quarrel with that spelling!), by Miss Ellen Bezaz of Brooklyn, and *Hercules*, by George Frederick Holschuh of Philadelphia. Miss Bezaz took the \$300 First Prize in the



*Hercules*, BY GEORGE FREDERICK HOLSCHUH.



*Ifigenia Offering Herself for Sacrifice* BY ELLEN BEZAZ.



*Spring*, BY AVIS WRIGHT.

indicates to some extent the sumptuousness of the complete work. The Ajanta Caves are too little known, but their importance is great enough to justify the interesting in the present study of such men as Sir John Marshall, Sir Aurel Stein, Professor Lorenzo Cecconi, Count Orsini, Sir Akbar Hydari, Professor Yazdani and Mr. Binyon.

### THE CLASSICS IN SOAP

It is distinctly interesting to note that two of the three foremost sculptures in the recent Ivory Soap contest had classical themes for their subjects; also that the names of the successful sculptors were anything but native American in derivation. Mr. Holschuh and Miss Bezaz may be American-born, but their ancestry certainly was not. It is worth thinking about. There may be much more than mere coincidence in this modeling of classical forms in the most modern of media. Certainly the familiarity of these young sculptors with even the nomenclature of the past is refreshing and wholesome. As for the third figure, by

Advanced Amateur Group, and the additional Lenox prize, offered by the Lenox potteries of Trenton for the piece best suited for reproduction in pottery. Mr. Holschuh was in the professional class and took the \$500 first award in that group. Miss Wright captured the second prize in the same group with Miss Bezaz. After a showing at Gimbel's store in New York, the prize sculptures began a long round of the museums and art galleries throughout the country.

### AYER'S FREE-TIME EXHIBIT "HOLIDAY"

Until the middle of this month 48 paintings and drawings executed by advertising artists in their free time were on exhibition in the galleries of the N. W. Ayer & Son Company, Inc., in Philadelphia. The exhibit was open to the public free, and consisted of the work of some of the men and women whose finished illustrations have appeared in advertising placed by the Company in periodicals throughout the world. Among

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### THE STATUE OF LIVIA

(Concluded from Page 174)

beyond question, judging by the exquisite modeling of the head and the details of its polychromy, one of the most beautiful and characteristic of all the portraits of Livia.

Singular discovery, this, of a portrait statue of the Empress in the midst of the dense mystery shrouding the proprietors of the Villa! To what cause must we attribute the presence of the imperial lady thus hieratically imaged?

During the reign of Augustus—or that of Tiberius—was this Villa of the Mysteries one of many estates the Empress possessed in all parts of Italy, administered by superintendents attached to the management of her private demesne? Or was the statue the image of an imperial cult, provided by some freedman who had been liberated by Livia and who was therefore devoted to the Julio-Claudian House, and in particular to the Empress? Without being able to exclude entirely the first hypothesis, the analogous examples offered by a villa of Gallia Lugdunensis and by a Stabian villa, in both of which were found similar busts of Livia as sacred images in the domestic shrines of the Lares, rather make one incline toward the second theory. We may therefore believe that this great statue of Livia was the object, in the Villa of the Mysteries, of an imperial cult, that it formed a part of the Lararium of the Villa, and of a noble and sumptuous Lararium which was being either prepared or transformed shortly before the eruption. The last proprietor must have been particularly loyal and devoted to the memory of the August Empress, who had died at the advanced age of eighty-four in the year 29 A. D. if—as we may judge from the general nature of the modifications and adaptations he was making in the edifice—he intended to reserve a conspicuous place for the statue of her who had divided with Augustus the heavy responsibilities of ordering the des-

tinies of Rome, of resisting stout-heartedly the tragic vicissitudes which befell the Imperial House, and of making Tiberius the successor of Augustus.

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the artists represented were: R. J. Prohaska, Sheldon Pennoyer, Alexey Brodovitch, Edward A. Wilson, Winold Reiss, Carl Erickson, John Atherton, George Hughes, Walter Stewart, J. W. Williamson, Buk Ulreich, Earl Horter, Anton Otto Fischer, Arthur Palmer, Robert Riggs, Marjorie Lee Ullberg, Gladys R. Davis, Robert Patterson, Walter Cole, Walter Buehr, Vladimir Bobritsky, Fred Freeman, Joseph Platt, Herbert Stoops, Robert Fawcett, Walton Thompson and Charles Garner. (Mr. Garner is represented by groups of wood and tin sculpture.)

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#### ANOTHER CORCORAN BIENNIAL THIS YEAR

The Trustees of The Corcoran Gallery of Art announce that the Thirteenth Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Oil Paintings will open to the public on Sunday, December 4, 1932, and will close on the evening of January 15, 1933.

"The William A. Clark Prize Awards," established through Senator Clark's endowment of \$100,000, in the year 1921, will again be made. The exhibition will be confined to original oil paintings by living American artists, not before publicly exhibited in Washington. The last day for receiving pictures will be November 8th, at the agency in New York, and November 14th, in Washington.

Circulars and entry-cards, giving the personnel of the jury and other detailed information may be obtained on or about September 15 by addressing the Director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

#### THE CULTURES OF PALESTINE

Writing in the quarterly *Bulletin* of the American Schools of Oriental Research for April, Dr. W. F. Albright, of Johns Hopkins University, commenting upon the recent results achieved by the Schools in the Holy Land, reports:

"We have now, as a result of less than three years of work on the part of a small group of scholars, a nearly complete classification of the more important successive cultures of Palestine at the end of the Stone Age. First there comes Natufian, parallel (roughly speaking) with the Tardenoisian of Europe and the latest Capsian of Egypt. Agriculture and presumably the domestication of animals begin, but pottery is unknown. Next we have the age of the first potters, the age when copper began to be used, the period of the Campignian of Europe and the Faiyumian and Badarian, etc., of Egypt. Mesolithic now becomes Neolithic, not later than 4000 B. C., at the lowest computation. Nothing so far found in Palestine appears to belong in this age, which is thus a lacuna to be filled by the Palestinian archaeologist. Then comes the characteristic Chalcolithic of Palestine, the Ghassulian, which has been found in the caves of Galilee and Carmel as well as in the lower Jordan Valley. Finally, after 3000 B. C. we have the Early Bronze with its Tahonian flint industry."

## BOOK CRITIQUES

*The Mission of San Antonio de Padua (California).* By Frances Rand Smith. Pp. 108. 5 maps and plans, 11 sketches, 43 photographs. Stanford University Press, Stanford University, California. London: Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, 1932. \$3.50.

Among the interesting books that have lately come from the Stanford University Press, here is one that will attract the attention of all lovers of California. Mrs. Smith's volume deals with the old San Antonio Mission from both an historical and an architectural point of view. It is the fruit of several years' research, involving no little physical labor and exertion, as well as personal and frequent examination of sites, records and remains.

Mrs. Smith visited the Missions for the first time in 1909, accompanied by her husband, Professor Perrin James Smith, the noted palaeontologist, but continued her investigations independently, and completed them after his lamented death. Her special contributions to our knowledge concern chiefly the architecture and the irrigation system of the Mission. The work is richly illustrated with sketches and photographs, most of the former and many of the latter by Mrs. Smith herself.

In the last of her six chapters, Mrs. Smith discusses in all its bearings an old Indian legend about the arrival in the San Antonio district, long before the time of Portola, of a white missionary who had come over the hills, not on foot, but flying through the air. This legend is to be associated with a fact recorded in 1631, viz., that, years before, two holy men of the Franciscan Order had been sent to the North to preach the Gospel and had suffered martyrdom. With this story may be connected not only the early paintings of Christian crosses, seen along with representations of the sun and moon in an ancient cave about five miles from the Mission, but also certain pictures on the walls of the "Painted Rock" of Carrizo Plain in San Luis Obispo County. One of these shows two "flying men" above an altar with twelve candles. A full-page photograph of this ancient rock painting is inserted in the book.

Mrs. Smith is to be congratulated on the success of her achievement.

H. RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH.

*The Religion of Ancient Palestine in the Light of Archaeology.* By Stanley A. Cook. *The Schweich Lectures, 1925.* Pp. xv; 252. Oxford University Press, New York. 1930. \$4.75.

The author, a professor in Cambridge University, is well known for his important contributions to Biblical archaeology. The present volume is an unusually fine piece of scholarly work showing a minute and comprehensive knowledge of the subject discussed. The finds bearing on religion, at every important excavated site in Palestine, are described fully. This is also true of the finds in neighboring lands which throw light upon the religion of Palestine. The book contains three chapters, as follows: "Miscellaneous Examples," "The Oriental Period," and "The Graeco-Roman Age". Almost one-third of every page has references to source material most carefully documented. There is a full bibliography and index. The chronological table covers the period, 4000 B. C. to 640 A. D. There are thirty-nine pages of plates illustrating material in the text. The work contains two indexed maps.

Dr. Cook clearly shows that from very early times Palestine was in close touch with such adjacent lands as Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, and so was influenced by these peoples. The nomadic Hebrews in entering Palestine, about 1200 B. C., fell heir to this civilization which the Biblical prophets monotheized, spiritualized and made the vehicle of most important moral and religious truths. As the author says (pp. 229, 230): "The land of Israel—Palestine itself—is in completest touch, archaeologically, with the larger area of which it is an organic part; but it has an individuality of its own. In other words, non-Israelite and pre-Israelite conditions of life and thought supplied the material which the great reforming minds of Israel, at certain epochs, reshaped and invested with a fuller content, thereby giving the religion, or rather, the thread of the religious development, a permanent value."

The volume is admirably gotten up, having thick paper, broad margins, large type and secure binding. The book reflects the high standard of workmanship associated with the name of the publishers.

GEORGE S. DUNCAN.

## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

*Old Beautiful.* By Thomas Rohan. Pp. 215. 23 illustrations. The Dial Press, New York. 1931. \$3.00.

The *Old and Beautiful* is a better way to state this title. Mr. Rohan is an antique dealer, not in the great center of London, but in Bournemouth. His book is a collection of papers that have the charm of a pleasant personality, simply expressed. He writes about his business as though it were his hobby. He writes as an evangelist, to convert readers into collectors and wisely suggests small things, inexpensive things, anything that is old and genuine and beautiful. It is full of pleasant anecdotes and its charm is that of a highly intelligent but simple man whose passion is genuine and radiant. He wants everybody to know what happiness there is in understanding, enjoying, valuing, and possessing anything that belongs to our past. Not furniture alone, but small objects such as glass, china, porcelain, snuff-boxes, scent bottles, are lovingly discussed.

JOHN PALMER DARNALL.

### THE LAUGHING ARTISTS OF THE MIMBRES VALLEY

(Concluded from Page 193)

The modern potters of southwestern pueblos chew a bit of yucca leaf into fibers to make their brushes, and sometimes they use only one fiber for fine lines. Probably the Mimbres artists did this, too. But they have an individual style which the same materials did not induce in other places. Their art is entirely their own, although the tools are shared with others.

Some have claimed that the geometrical designs from Mimbres bowls are surpassed by those from other regions. We who have studied this ware, and have learned to love it, doubt that claim. The designs are pleasing; they run the gamut from simplicity to elaboration; they have balance and rhythm,

and most of all, they are drawn with skill. We think that some of these designs are unequalled in all southwestern pottery.

When we think of Mimbres ware as such, however, we always visualize the lively likenesses of people and animals. Nowhere else can be found pictures like these, drawn with such gay good-humor. The old-time painters had not only a sense of fun but also a great gift for making it into pottery-pictures. They were keen observers, too, and with this they combined the decorative sense to a remarkable degree.

We may long in vain for pictures of the various Indians of pre-Columbian times. Even the earliest artists who undertook to show these new, strange people were at fault. Not knowing that accuracy would be of the greatest value in any picture of the new world's people, they dressed them in flowing togas, gave them Greek profiles, and housed them in walls the like of which have never been erected.

But here on the Mimbres, the artists drew what they knew or imagined, without the influence of any other style. Here, we can be certain, are those laughing people in their real guise, dressed in the scanty costumes of that day, engaged in the industries of their time. Here we see what creatures lived around them, painted from life. And here we are given a fascinating insight into their legends, where remarkable hybrids doubtless did remarkable deeds; and into their religion, the strongest and most sincere part of their lives, if we are to judge them by Indians of a later day.

And so that is why we value Mimbres bowls. They are the expression of the Mimbres people. Through them we have come to learn their light hearts, their industries, their talents, and their creed. We have read the bowls in place of that larger book, the ruins, and have found a story there that could be told in no other way.

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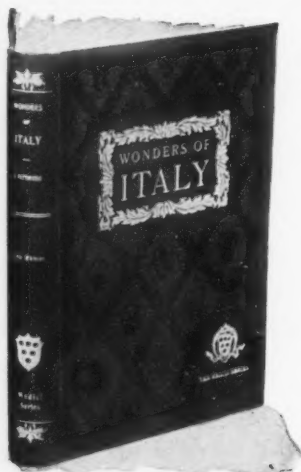
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